

Addresses and Sermons
to Students

David M. Steele

1915

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By David M. Steele

Going Abroad Overland
Vacation Journeys, East and West
Addresses and Sermons to Students

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Being a Series of Commencement Orations
and Baccalaureate Sermons

By

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Philadelphia

Author of

"Going Abroad Overland" and "Vacation Journeys East and West"

"The science of education cannot be deduced from a simple principle with such strictness as logic, ethics, and like sciences. It is rather a mixed science, which has its presuppositions in many others. In this respect it resembles medicine, with which it has this also in common, that it must make a distinction between a sound and an unhealthy system of education, and must devise means to prevent or to cure the latter. It may, therefore, have, like medicine, the three departments of physiology, pathology, and therapeutics."

ROSENKRANZ, *Philosophy of Education*

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1919

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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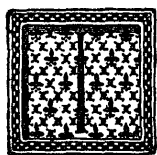


YOUNG Ladies of the Graduating Class of Ogontz School, who have done me the honor to make me your Honorary Member, I would dedicate this volume to you as a token of affection. I recall the banquet on your Ring Night and the toast I tried to give you. It was this: Here's to the Class, to itself, its teacher and its preacher. Here's to its members, both actuary and honorary. Here's to its admirers, both those now present and those jealous absent mortals who would like to be. Here's to your Class Flower, which is fading in its Orchid beauty as compared with yours. Here's to your fine Class Motto, to your Honor and your Courage and your Loyalty. Here's to your Rings, both present and prospective. May their gold be dross, compared with the refinement of your natures. Here's to your Lions—since I notice you have one apiece. And, last of all. Here's to your awkward-seeming but affectionate tame lamb.

D. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Christmas, 1918.

Foreword



HAVE no apology to make for the fact that most of these addresses and sermons have been delivered a number of times. They were not addressed, in any two cases, to the same people. This always seems to me to make the point one not well taken that a preacher should never use over again the same sermon. The companies of hearers were as various as the audiences attendant at the same play in a half-dozen different cities. I would estimate that all the hearers together, of these twelve discourses, make up a composite company of forty thousand persons.

Inasmuch as this means maybe fifty different schools and colleges, and congregations other than my own in churches, one of the rewards of labor incident has been the privilege this has afforded me of making personal acquaintance with the principals and deans and rectors of that many institutions. I prize this more highly than they

can possibly have valued any service rendered by me. I have come to number them among my valued friends. I cannot name them all: I have chosen a dozen.

I acknowledge this indebtedness. But there is yet one other matter. I have had recourse—and frequently—to printed words of others upon allied subjects. This does not mean plagiarism. That again is not a point well taken. Every speaker, unless he is so conceited that he thinks his own ideas better always than anything that anybody else has ever said or heard or thought of, will check up his own by the pronouncements of those who have written out of more age or experience. I have done this; but I hope I have used invention of others only by absorption. I have tried to make their thoughts my own by purchase, not by theft. I know that those who first put them in words would not recognize them here. I am even fearful they would not agree with them.

All this is permissible, then; but it is perilous. There is a whole fund of verbal coinage out of which all speakers buy their tools. There is a mass of mental bricks and mortar out of which all writ-

ers build—and rebuild—arguments. On the pages following, the arguments are my own. I must bear the blame alone and take the criticism.

Lector benevole !

D. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Christmas, 1918.

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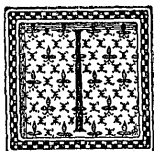
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CHAPTER I

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.

A Commencement Address to a Typical Young Ladies Boarding School



HAVE spoken this address in substance maybe half a dozen times. The audiences comprised quite that many groups of girls from origins far sundered in the social scale and parents present represented every grade of forebears, from the lettered almost to the illiterate. I have been impressed with their anxiety, without exception, that their children should have better training than had been their privilege in their own youth; likewise with the strict adherence to their task of teachers whose patience must oftentimes have been sorely tried. To quote from the Preface of Ascham's *Schoolmaster*: "Socrates saith trulie that no man goeth about a more godlie task than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of hys owne and other men's children."

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

“ . . . in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.”

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*.

Young Ladies, Graduates and Students, Faculty, Families and Friends: It is an honor anyone might covet to be privileged on this occasion to address you. Once before I had part—of a Sunday—in commencement exercises at St. Mary's Hall. I come to you this second time with an increasing admiration. It is common enough to speak praise of any school and to expect its students to think well and fondly of their alma mater. It is an uncommon thing to find one that so well deserves as this school does your loyalty and adulation.

Founded eighty years ago, in 1837, by one who was prelate, scholar, orator, poet, statesman and prophet—I refer to Bishop George Washington Doane—it has indeed an honorable legacy. It

has had a venerable history; it has well-founded traditions and, best, it has atmosphere. It has met with, as it well deserved, a worthy measure of success. It has sent out more than one thousand graduates, who are to be found literally in every country in the world. Its present administration, as you know, is markedly successful.

As a graduating class from such an institution, therefore, I compliment you, I felicitate you, I congratulate you. I am impressed, as anyone would be who stands and looks upon this group of graduates, with the fact that you have come, not so much to the end of something as to the beginning of something else: to the commencement of a life's work each. And, of course, imagination plays. We wonder how you will acquit yourselves in that life-work to which you now go forward.

To my special task, just how shall I address myself? I confess, I say, my satisfaction in the performance of this very pleasant duty; but I feel quite as much trepidation. I am aware of the honor conferred; and I am conscious of the risk I am running. I realize my full importance—and my unimportance. I know full well that

nothing I shall say will be of so much importance, nor will be so long remembered, as the day itself, the event that you are met to celebrate, nor the gowns you wear to deck the celebration.

Anyone ought, at the very outset, to remind himself, that a mere man, as speaker at a ladies' boarding school commencement, is of as little importance as a groom at a wedding. At a wedding, as you know, there are only three persons of importance: the bride, the organist and the sexton. So here, in degree of ascending importance, are the girls themselves, the dressmaker and that particular member of the faculty who passes on their grades. Given these three known quantities, anyone could solve the equation of a commencement anywhere.

I ought to begin by way of saying nice things about you. But what's the use? Honestly, if I knew any good or amiable quality you lacked, I would freely bestow it upon you. But I do not. I will not consume time, therefore, even for a moment, in telling you how nice you are. Neither will I waste time—that would have to be by the hour—in telling your parents and friends how nice you are. You can do that far better your-

selves. And, which is more important, you can illustrate and prove this to them all the rest of your lives.

What then is my subject? It is nothing other than this: the subject of Education. But this subject is large? Yes. And my point of view for seeing it is narrow, because individual? Yes. I feel that I am in the same position as the little girl I once saw, standing at the brink of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, which is two hundred and fifteen miles long, thirteen miles wide and a mile deep, pointing her little camera at it and inquiring: "Mamma, shall I set the lens at fifteen feet or a hundred?"

Not only in your presence, therefore, but in presence of my theme, I am embarrassed. And yet neither is this my fault. Any subject to be appropriate to this occasion would have to be large. And it is a complicated subject as well. It has as many sub-divisions as there are points of inquiry. And of these there are as many as there are individual points of view.

Let us begin with a definition. Says one: "The mind is educated when its powers are so developed and disciplined that it can perform its

proper work." Or, let me cite one other definition. It was Professor James who said: "In the last analysis, education consists in the organization of all resources in the human being in such a way as will fit the persons educated to their place in the intellectual, the physical and the social world."

Education is no narrow process. There are at least three elements involved. To be worthy of the name, it must provide for the life of the mind and the body and the heart. To do this is a task in all three ways. Rewards of each of these three kinds can be had only by effort. All other possessions may be acquired by inheritance—or theft—except three: knowledge, health and happiness. Every attempt to redeem the education of youth, then, along any or all of these three lines, from formalism, and to make it a vital, human, organic process, must be studied, recognized and encouraged.

I speak in detail of three things. Mental development alone is not enough. That may produce the intellectual recluse, the mental miser, the book-worm and the crank. Nor will mere physical development alone suffice. This is im-

portant, but not all-sufficient. Its results, when they issue alone in conformity to nature, have proven insufficient. They may even be positively harmful. Of evil results, some are whispered from the Groves of Daphne, some are graven in the Halls of Bacchus. No; life, in any individual case, must conform to that vision corporate which the Seer saw in the vision, on the Isle of Patmos, when he viewed the Holy City: "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

I come, therefore, to a definite inquiry: How well have you been educated? Ordinarily, in all educational procedure, two things are at fault—and I consider this a most erudite analysis—the teaching and the teachers, the course of study and the methods of instruction.

As for the first, I find fault with a common fetish: namely, the prescribing of long lines of study, not as ends in themselves but as mere means to ends. I have little patience with that phrase so often cited in extenuation of mere study on its own account. I refer to the expression "mental discipline." I have gone through this. I know how empty is the process in producing the

results intended. More than this, I know how few of the by-products are retained. I probably had once most of the text-book knowledge that you have to-day. If it were to save my life, at this moment, I don't believe I could pass an examination on your papers, all taken together, with an average grade of one per cent. The art of forgetting is a fine art. You will learn for yourselves right soon to what perfection it can be reduced.

But that first fault has now largely been corrected. Even the special faults that used to mark the forms of study in girls' schools have largely vanished. Courses to-day lead to privileges that you have alike with men. The long battle of woman in her efforts for equal education and other opportunities is essentially won all the way along the line. The things that you may do are limitless in size and countless in number. The only thing that remains is for you to learn how to do them.

And here come in the teachers. For, if you can learn without help, you must be either a model of good sense, or a born philosopher, or lucky. It is your teachers' ambition to help you. And

the majority of teachers are both willing and able to do this. Your teachers in their youth were neither angels nor idiots. Being something else than either, they were much like you. Therefore, they probably remember what they were when they were just your age. I want to divulge to you that they are much more interested in you than you realize. And I want to explain to them that you are much more fond of them than you let on.

I have said that two things often are at fault: the instruction and the instructors. I did not mean to slight anybody. I turn back, therefore, to observe that sometimes there is fault on the part of the student. With whatever faults and foibles, your teachers have been quite as fit to teach as you students have been prone to study. Moreover, good and wise teachers are more plenty than good and wise parents. And boarding schools, inefficient as they are sometimes said to be, are more frequently good than a corresponding number of homes.

I therefore press still deeper in my study. I go on to speak to you. In doing this, would I might speak with the tongues of men and of angels!

The only difficulty is that I am not an angel; so that especial kind of tongue has been denied me. But it happens that I am a man. May I, therefore, speaking with one of the tongues of men, tell you in some confidence what men think of you, what they want you to be, and what will be their lamentation if you do not fill their high ideal.

From this point on my subject, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. Let those divisions be these three inquiries: What you are; What you are to be; and what you are to do.

First, I ask what you are. To do this, I must go backward in order to begin. I am reminded of a play I saw a few years ago in a little village in the Tyrol in which Adam and Eve were seen going across the stage in order to be created. This is necessary. In a certain sense every individual is a microcosm of the race. Every youth, in growing to maturity, goes through all the stages of development that have marked mankind in many centuries. This is why children exhibit a fondness for music, for color, for noise and excitement, for forms of life they afterwards outgrow. You are at the stage where all these things ought to be at the full. There should be, with you,

poetry, without stop; hymn and ode and epic; poetry still flowing and not yet locked in dead books, with annotation and syntax and grammar; but Apollo and the Muses chanting at their will.

What are you? I have been reading in G. Stanley Hall's book, *Youth, Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene*, the chapter on the Education of Girls. Judging from what he says, I believe that, in our civilization, bright girls of good environment, of nineteen or twenty, even seventeen or eighteen years, have already reached that peculiar stage of first maturity when they see the world at first hand, when the senses are at their very best, susceptibilities and insight the keenest, tension at its highest, plasticity and all-sided interest most developed and their whole psychic soil richest and rankest, sprouting everywhere with the tender shoots of everything both good and bad. That is what you are. Make mental note of it.

Secondly, I ask what you are to be. You expect of course to be happy. Who was it said that there are only two times in all our lives we look on as entirely satisfactory. One was when we were children under six years of age. The

other is about a half dozen years from now—whenever “now” may be. Please fix your mind on this intently. From the days aptly described by the biographer of Alice—she of the “clear unclouded brow and open eyes of wonder”—you have come up to the stage you occupy. You have known the formation of mind and body which resulted in maturity of functions. There has been needed, and as freely given, infinite sympathy with your strain and stress of metamorphosis in which you sought everything by turns and nothing long. Too often, there is likely to follow lassitude, invalidism, aimless dissatisfaction with life, certain forms of self-pampering and the resolution to be happy though at too great cost. Have a care regarding this determination. Have a care regarding whom you marry.

If you marry. Which leads me to ask, thirdly, what are you to do? I remember to have met once, in the far west, a young college president—I will call him Mr. Johnson—who gave me a long account of his young university, established by personal endeavor. He was an active, sanguine man who, in dilating on his plans, frequently referred to “the faculty” as doing this or contem-

plating that. I asked him of how many members the faculty consisted. "Well," he answered, "just at present it is below its full strength; but it will soon be more numerous." "And at present?" I inquired. "At present, it consists of Mrs. Johnson and myself." In the school of life, in which you are about to teach, may there be many faculties of Mrs. Johnson and himself. As the Psalmist hath it, Selah!

Do not deprecate and do not disparage the normal activities and interests of life. You recall the old German grouping of the four Ks: Kirche, Kinder, Küchen, Kleider. They may be translated in English as the four Cs: Church, Children, Cooking, Clothes. Perhaps you are inclined to put them in a reverse order of importance: Clothes, Cooking, Church, Children. If you are so minded, you might read with profit that curious ancient volume, Cobbet's *Advice to the Illustrious*, in which he says: "I never knew a man that was good for much who had a dislike to little children; and I never knew a woman of that ilk who was good for anything at all."

This it is that would be normal. But prepare for the un-normal, if it is to be. Be Mrs. Johnson,

if all things are opportune. Be Miss Johnson, if you wish. But don't—by all that is Johnsonian—don't be a Johnsonette. You are familiar with the envyings and jealousies of those who characterize young maidens "as beautiful as a swan but as silly as a goose." Well, I would rather have you to be this than many other things that nowadays too many women are prone to attempt. I would rather have you beautiful and nothing else—except good—than to have you clever and unwomanly.

So I have some advice to give. If I speak the commonplace, this is my excuse: the audiences at commencements change so constantly that what has grown familiar to one generation is forever new to those that follow in such quick succession. I remember the story of the elderly lady who some time ago went into one of our large toy shops, and, finding much the same goods as in former years, asked, rather impatiently: "Do they never have any new toys?" "No, Madam," answered the shopkeeper, very humbly; "but the children are new every few years." Sometimes things serve their purpose better just for being old. Things may become so old that,

in our rapid modern progress, they have been forgotten. Being old, they may have been so valuable that they should be recalled and emphasized. I am going to ask you to cultivate the three graces. I mean of course, Faith, Hope and Charity. You thought I had outrun my theme: *Fides et Spes et Caritas*.

By faith, of course, I mean religion. "All mankind," sang Homer, "have need of the gods." The supernatural is the reflex of the heart; each sustains and neither can exist without the other. If the transcendent and the supernal had no objective existence, we should have to invent and teach it or dwarf the life of feeling and of sentiment. But, I mean the truly supernatural. There are religionists who . . . But I reflect that, like the prophet of old, they "provoke me to envy with a God which is no God." Much of this is due to ignorant exhorters. Just because I value much more highly common sense than sentiment, mentality than sentimentality, I urge on you a right estimate of real religious values. For there is a place still in this old world for faith. More than this, there is a certain religion that is feminine. Duty is the prose; religion is the

romance of our moral being. Therefore, religion will always hold as prominent a place in woman's life as politics does in the life of man.

When the school becomes what Melancthon said it must be—"A true workshop of the Holy Ghost"—then, as products of such a school, as educated people, you may safely trust what Emerson calls "The irresistible maturing of the human mind." If you will broaden your life by retarding it; if you will enter actively the paradise of rest; if you will cultivate idleness industriously; if you will exercise your soul in reverie; you will find in the end that there is still One to whom the laboring and the heavy laden may bring their burdens of intellectual doubt and perplexity, as of sorrow and sin, and find rest unto their souls.

"The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls for the better light,
The more is this truth borne in upon me,
That the universe rests upon shoulders of might;
That beneath every surface there lies plan and
purpose;
That a heart beats within, whether silence or
din.

Underneath or above, there's an infinite love.
It's a love great and limitless, so deep and broad,
That at length we've renamed it, again call it
God."

Secondly, I bid you hope. And you will find this easy. To you it is natural. One of the special faculties of youth is its ability to see the queer weird light of the Elysian Fields. I submit that this is valuable, for it will enable you to be agreeable while growing old. If you have this second of the three graces—and if you retain it as a priceless possession—it will mean for you perennial youth. It means that woman at her best never outgrows adolescence, as man does, but lingers in, magnifies and glorifies this culminating stage of life with its all-sided interests, its enthusiasms, and its zest for all that is true and beautiful and good. Who is it speaks of you

"Led on by courage and immortal hope,
And with the dayspring in your hearts."

Faith? Hope? And, last, I speak of Charity. By this I do not mean to point you to the task of the professional dole of alms. There are sorry types of such professionalists. They seem

to have discovered one of the characteristics of our civilization, that nothing so much needs regulating as other people's lives. They have learned that there is almost as much pleasure in noticing the weaknesses of others as in indulging our own. I do not commend to you this form of charitable work. I pray you avoid it.

There is an opposite kind to all this. It consists of leniency in judgments, depth of sympathy and breadth of tolerance. You will find abundant opportunity to try this better method. You may even have to begin, where all charity begins, at home. For you will find from this point on that it is a difficult thing to bring up your parents properly. This is one of the reasons why the Lord setteth the solitary in families. And you will have to go farther afield. You will have to be patient with others, and you must be sternest with yourself in your judgments. Remember that to speak ill upon report shows a want of knowledge; to speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity.

And now I come to my conclusion, as you come to-day to your commencement. You need special counsel; for you emerge from a special environ-

ment. I remind you that college life is abnormal. In these halls you have been artificially shielded. "All your days like perfect lilies under water stir." It will be hard for you, when you leave this cloister life of learning, to begin the sterner task of living. But you must begin. No one else can fill your place if you desert it; no one else can do your work for you if you shirk it or do it illy. But how shall you do it?

You will have quoted in your hearing at this season all those summaries of *savoir vivre* represented by Polonius' advice to his son in Hamlet. You will be told to read such books as Hamerton's *Intellectual Life* and Smiles' *Self Help*. My quarrel with this kind of advice is that it is likely all to be too practical. Too practical? Can that be? It most certainly can. It can be too practical in the sense of being too selfish. Nothing is so selfish as the expression "Making the most of one's self." Self-development, considered in itself, is self-destructive. It produces an individual bare, isolated, monstrous. Over against self-assertion must be self-surrender. This is the altruistic attitude and endeavor in contrast to all selfish ones. Self-assertion is the fierce ego-

tism that would depopulate the world; self-surrender is the force that peoples it and makes it livable.

“Then why stand with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows floating by
As the dove with startled eye
Sees the falcon’s shadow fly?

O, thou child of many prayers,
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares,
Care and age come unawares.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.”

And may the good God grant you all the good things you deserve: all the health and all the wealth and all the happiness you merit, in proportion as you have and as you practice the Three Graces—*Fides et Spes et Caritas*.

CHAPTER II

VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS

Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Commencement Oration to Fifteen Hundred Alert, Eager, Earnest Young People



THE narrative part of this study, the outline is fact while the details are fiction. I would not have anybody's feelings hurt thereby; for there are no persons here described to be identified. The characters are not real; the pen-pictures are composites. They are types of classes all have known, however; the very details are without exaggeration. Close scrutiny, and closer recollection, will convince all readers of the danger of forecasting a career for any student from the data furnished only in the passing estimate either of faculty or of fellow-students during those few years alone a young man is in college. This will never lead one to conclusions which, in after years, will bear the test: "I told you so."

VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS

“What knowledge is of most worth? Among mental, as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental too often comes before the useful.”

HERBERT SPENCER, *Education*.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Graduating Class, Students and Friends: You have doubtless all heard of the people who live in Buffalo and have never visited Niagara Falls; of the residents of New York who have never crossed the Brooklyn Bridge; of the dwellers on Long Island who have never seen salt water; of the peasants in Switzerland who know nothing of the Alps. Well, in that same category, there are denizens of Philadelphia who know not the Drexel Institute.

Of these, I confess with shame that I was one until two weeks ago. I knew, in a general way, that there was such a place; but I did not even know its full title—Institute of Art, Science and Industry. Still less did I grasp its scope or its significance. Now that I have come within its

walls, I am surprised, amazed, dumbfounded. I am surprised at the extent of this structure, at the luxury of its appointments, the wealth of its equipment, the number of its students, the multiplicity of its courses, the thoroughness of its instruction, the dignity of its faculty and the proficiency of its graduates.

It was your acting president who enlightened me. He took me by the hand, to use a metaphor, one day a week ago, and led me on a personally conducted tour. We walked inside, outside, upstairs, downstairs, hither, thither, near and far. It took us two hours and a half to climb stairs and walk corridors and merely to look into all the various class-rooms. I had no conception of the size of this place. I had not known that all this growth had come since the date of the institution's founding, in 1891. I had no idea that there were, roughly speaking, four thousand students. I never suspected that, of officers of instruction and administration, there were, to be accurate, one hundred and one names which, together with their titles, fill seven pages of a Year Book. I had never heard of your library, your museum, your art gallery—not to say of this audito-

rium, seating fifteen hundred people. Do you wonder that I am embarrassed, trying to address you?

Nor did I know of the ideals you are realizing here. I had known in theory that "Evolution involves a change from the simple and homogeneous to the complex and differentiated"; but I had not known how fine an application of this principle you were making here. I had heard the proposition that "to wonder is to begin to perceive"; but I did not know how near this institution comes to meeting the requirements of every mental bent, nor how capable it is of developing each natural capacity along the line of least resistance. I rejoice in the essential oneness of this institution, the helpful reciprocity between the different departments, and the range, the very wide range, of subjects in the field of learning which your courses cover. I can only say that I wish I knew all the things that all of you together know.

But now, to pass by prefatory words in general and to become specific; of what shall I speak to you? I am moved to make study of a pressing question. I wonder what, as graduates of this

course of instruction, you will do. That is to say, just how well will you do it? Will you succeed or fail? But, more than that; is your success or failure up to this point presage of the same thing in the future? I am thinking as I stand here of my own college curriculum, its faults and foibles, in contrast to this of yours, its greater excellence and your advantages. More especially, I am thinking of several men who were my classmates. I want to make a study of a few of these as types personifying college standards of a score of years ago. They are standards which I fear are still too common in typical classical colleges; but they are not, thanks to farsighted men, common in this institution of yours.

And I do this at this time designedly. I am a fortunate distance away. I have reached a fairly adequate point from which to look backward and forward—backward upon them and forward upon you. It is twenty years now since I graduated from college. That is long enough to know what boys of that day have become as men at this distance removed. On the other hand, it is not too long ago. A person out of college, thirty, forty, fifty years, could not do

this. His graduation would be too far off; his course of study would then be too antiquated.

I am thinking of four men. One was the faculty's favorite; one they condemned; one was the students' idol; one was their butt of ridicule. I am thinking of what these were then and of what they are now; what they were expected to do and what in reality they have done; what promise they gave of success or failure and how all prophecies have been reversed. For, in every case, they have been reversed.

• The first of these I remember well. He was the faculty's favorite. He grubbed and digged; he studied and plodded; he wore spectacles, and never got his hair cut; he burned the midnight oil, and looked sleepy; he never entered into college life; he boarded apart to save time; he sat in the front seat in class-room; he always stayed after a lecture to ask the professor a question; he knew the answers to all the questions; he was as anxious for grades as a miser is for gold; in short, he was first-honor man. He delivered the valedictory on commencement-day. Of course he made us all jealous. We were sure he would be a great man. That was twenty years ago.

To-day he is teaching school in a little country town in Nebraska. He has never gotten away from it. He is still wearing spectacles and is now bald. He has a wife and five children, and his salary is eight hundred dollars a year. That was the faculty's favorite.

The second also was one in whom the faculty were interested—but differently. The first one gave them joy; the second gave them only trouble. He surely was troublesome; no doubt about that. He was the father of more deviltry than all the other students put together. He was original, and used to concoct schemes. He had attacks of mischief with about the same irregularity and violence with which a cat has fits. It was he who stole poor Prexie's marriage license and delayed the wedding for a week. It was he who got excused from chapel attendance on a forged physician's certificate that his eyelids were liable to inflammation upon sudden exposure to the morning air. It was he who saved his room-mate from expulsion by disconnecting a gas pipe one night and compelling a faculty meeting to adjourn in the dark. He was, all told, the worst good boy and the best bad one I

have ever known. At last, the poor, good, happy, hearty, hapless fellow was expelled. He went out to Missouri. He sold lightning rods in the summer and coached a football team in the winter. When the Spanish War broke out, he went to Cuba. He learned Spanish almost while you wait and learned it so well that he became an interpreter for General Shafter. After the war, he stayed behind. He spent the nights of one winter studying engineering and chemistry, and has since made himself indispensable to the Sugar Trust. He is now running a plantation at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. That was the faculty's *Bete Noir*.

Two others illustrate the students' standards. Of these, the first was exceedingly popular. He was shrewd and politic and pretty. He ran a boarding club and made the other members pay his board. He never played football; but he managed the team and so traveled with all his expenses paid. He wore nice-looking neckties which the girls all thought were gorgeous. He became inter-collegiate orator and won a state contest on an oration which afterwards proved to be plagiarized. He went from college to study

law and soon afterward married a wealthy young widow. He turned up a few years later in New York running a bucket shop. The last I heard of him he had been sued for alienating somebody's wife's affections and is now where he belongs—in jail. That was the students' favorite.

The other was a man the students scorned. He came from Kansas and had grown up with the country to the length of six feet and two inches. He was awkward and had no good clothes. He was good and he was clever, but he was retiring and diffident. Nobody ever saw him study, but nobody ever heard him fail in recitation. He moved through college, lonely, homely, but strangely, curiously, self-confident and always smiling. We liked him, but we were ashamed of him. Twice we voted on his name for a fraternity but turned him down, mainly because he was so poor. I had not seen him since—until last winter. Then, I defy you to guess where. He was riding home, in his own private car, from New York to Montana. He had smiled his way out West, had become an employee, then secretary, then treasurer of a subsidiary company of the Amalgamated Copper Company and is worth to-day two million

dollars. This time I noticed his clothes. I wished that they were mine.

Now, what was the matter? There must have been something wrong. Where was it? I think it was in the false estimates which prevailed in that college—and which still prevail in all such—of the relative excellence of students. On the one hand, there was the false standard set up by the faculty in judging those under their care; on the other hand, there was the equally false standard by which the students estimated one another's worth. Both faculty and students erred, but in different ways. The faculty erred because the standard they set up was too exalted and too far away; the students, because theirs was too petty and too near at hand. The one was too remote, the other too immediate. The first had no focus; the second had no perspective.

Students are like children: they see everything near at hand, like the babe who reaches out its hands for the moon. I have said they have no perspective, and perspective here is a fine word. As men grow older, they see life stretch out in vistas; when they are young, it looks to them more like a plain, unbroken wall. They have not

learned to ask: "What knowledge is of most worth?" Upon which question Herbert Spencer comments thus: "Among mental, as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental too often comes before the useful. Not only in times past, but almost as much in our own era, that knowledge which conduces to personal well-being is relegated beneath that which brings popular applause."

The average faculty, it always seems to me, err in precisely the opposite way. To the typical professor, a certain group of facts represents knowledge; these facts, for him, sum up education. To learn all these facts would be to have all knowledge; ergo, to learn them were to become educated. The trouble is, this mass of facts is so large that to learn them all takes too much time. By the time the student has reached the end he has forgotten the beginning. The course is so long that by the time one has traveled from the beginning to the end one has forgotten what is between. Having forgotten, then what use was it to learn? The answer to this criticism is always forthcoming. They reply: It was of use as mental discipline. There are three points here; I would devote a word to each.

First, the idea that learning any group of facts is synonymous with becoming educated. Especially is this idea false as it applies to that one branch of learning most lauded by savants. There was a time when to know Greek and Latin was the mark of an educated man. These reason, therefore, that to be educated nowadays, or any day, one must know before all else these same two languages. A few professors, being able themselves to speak with tongues as though the Spirit gave them utterance, cannot understand why others cannot do or will not do the same. The study of dead languages is only an illustration of the fault I find. A certain form of philosophy, a special code of ethics, a particular drill in logic, aye, even parts of commonplace arithmetic, would illustrate the same practice as well. My point is that these things are considered of too great importance in themselves. And my criticism is that, when things are learned thus, the learning of them leads nowhere. Moreover, the extent of this practice makes me shudder. The amount of study in college pursued with this vanishing end in view I tremble to try to compute. Do you realize how much it is possible to learn and

forget? I took up the other day a college catalogue—one of my own college—in which was printed an entire set of examination papers for two semesters each of four full years. The things I must have known once? *Mirabile dictu!* The things I have forgotten? *Horribile visu!*

Once, long ago, I knew how to find a least common multiple and a greatest common divisor. I haven't ever had to find one since. I've never lost one. Did you ever know anybody who did need to find a least common multiple or greatest common divisor, except school-teachers? They have to know how in order to teach somebody else. They keep in practice merely by passing their knowledge along.

I spent two hours a day for five years studying Latin. To-day I can't even read my diploma. I remember once sitting up all night with a wet towel over my head to keep me awake committing to memory definitions in dogmatic theology before an examination. To-day I can't even remember the name of that text-book. I spent three hours a day for two years studying Hebrew. If you won't give it away, I don't mind telling you in confidence that at present I cannot repeat

the Hebrew alphabet. It seems to me that, in my particular profession, I am least aided by the knowledge it took me most years to acquire.

Now this is a serious matter. Speaking seriously, I would undertake now to learn all that I ever learned that is of actual use to me, in college and divinity school together, four years in one and three years in the other, seven long years in all, in seven months. This is, of course, in part because I now know better how to study; but, in larger part, it is because I know now what I want to know. I want what I want when I want it? Yes. But most of it I have had to go and hunt for myself at the time.

I have said that there is an answer always ready at hand to all this criticism. That is to say, study of every kind has two values; value as knowledge and value as training; value in acquisition and value as mental discipline. Mental discipline? As if there were not enough useful things to study, in anyone's line of preparation for any profession, while acquiring mental discipline at the same time. To make this excuse is neither more nor less sensible than to buy a dozen postage stamps to help out the druggist whom you

never patronize at any other time, or to subscribe for a four-dollar magazine you will not read in order to get the fifty-cent premium. The man who has gone through college and can honestly express such a sentiment confesses that he has fed himself on husks and thrown away the grain.

Is it strange that reform of this college method should have had to be wrought by men themselves not college men? It is not so strange at all. To change the old-time college course by reforming it, you would have to make headway, not only against tradition, but against men steeped in tradition. Conservatism takes deepest root within cloister walls. College professorships, barring incapacitating illness and too flagrant violation of the Decalogue, are good for life. To those gentlemen who grow old in academic sheltered coves, a thousand whimsicalities and petty formalities attach themselves like barnacles to a ship long lain at anchor. You cannot expect them to know how to change. Even if they did know how, you could not expect them to do so. It would mean the giving up of their profession, or at least the learning of a new method. Such men are not apt to commit professional hari kari.

When this came to be done, therefore, it had to be done not piecemeal but *de novo*. It had to be done by other than college men and in a wholly independent way. No process of reform would do; the process needed was that of creating something wholly new. Four names stand here above all others: Cooper, Pratt, Armour and Drexel, in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Philadelphia. Having come to this point in our argument, are you surprised that none of these men were college men? They have done something from the outside. And they have done it well. In doing this, they did three things. Please note them for a moment each.

The first thing they did was to separate the elements of learning and arrange them in a scale. This scale they built upon a basis of utility. In this, however, even though they made a new application of a principle, the principle was one not wholly new. Fifty-seven years ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote his arraignment of the educational system of his day. In it he put five general subjects in what he calls "The rational order of subordination." He believed that, to use a word of Bacon's now unfortunately obsolete,

we must determine "The relative values of knowledge."

Everyone would be expected to admit that, if a choice must be made, time should be obtained for the most important studies by omitting those which are least important. Strange is it then that Spencer's psychological, sociological and biological work should have been received with such profound respect in the universities of the world, and yet that his theory of education should be treated with such disrespect. But such, alas, is the case. Moreover, the theory is so simple. It all comes down to one fact: had we time to master all subjects, we would not need to be particular; but we have not. In education, certain things are useful and certain others are ornamental; certain things are necessities, certain others are luxuries. As these latter occupy the leisure part of life, so they should also occupy the leisure part of education. That is the theory of subordination in a nutshell.

The second thing that these men did, after arranging this scale, or this order of subordination, was to dignify those things which heretofore were scorned, giving them a place of prominence.

In other words, they ennobled the common tasks of daily life: they made what heretofore had been trades into professions. They were even surprised themselves, and they have ever since surprised others, at the outcome of this action. Dr. C. H. Henderson, Principal of the Northeast Manual Training School of Philadelphia, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* of some years ago, remarked: "It will be remembered by those familiar with biblical lore that when Saul the son of Kish went forth in search of his father's asses he found, instead of those humble animals, a kingdom and a crown. I have had a similar experience. I set out in search of a quiet good; I find a veritable kingdom."

A third thing, however, they have done which is the most valuable of all: they have allied together work and study; they have linked execution with preparation. The trouble with the old-fashioned college course was that it strained the memory instead of cultivating the mind—not to say the hand. These men realized for you that it is more important to cultivate the mind than to store the memory; more important to deal with things than with symbols of things; better

to learn the meaning of things than the meaning of words. The result of this in your institution is that the bare, cold lecture has no place; purely intellectual and mental cramming have no prominence; no chair is without its laboratory. And who that is not blind can fail to see the advantage of this? How long would it take to learn to dance or skate or swim by the text-book method? One principle here is applied in every department. I need not even rehearse its advantages to you. To crown all other achievements, this process brings the student and the teacher into formal and even intimate relations; it tests and improves the shortcomings of each individual pupil and it deepens that unity which all are striving for and making some tangible effort to attain.

But now, it is not enough for you to admire and to glory in the authors of this method or the founders of this school. It is necessary for you to adopt wholly their point of view, and to lend yourself heartily to the pursuit of this which is really a unique course. To this end it now becomes my privilege to give you three pieces of advice. This is a privilege, of course; for it is

always a pleasure to give advice. Having accepted the three facts cited above, namely, that there is a scale of importance in the parts of education, that for you the useful should be ranked above the ornamental and that there is profit in the alliance of preparation with application, there remains a corresponding group of three things for you to do.

In the first place, I charge you, in your own attempt to estimate the relative values of knowledge, to subordinate willingly the ornamental to the useful. Be content with dignifying common tasks. Voyagers uniformly find that colored beads and calicos are more highly prized by wild and barbarous tribes than broadcloth clothes and bank-notes. Too often the same spirit prompts the choice of college students. In these times there is danger of forgetting that colleges exist as educational institutions and not as social and æsthetic centers. That might be all right for some; but there are only a few of us who are so unfortunate as to be able to plan our lives without the blessed necessity of earning a living. Be content, therefore, with the kind of work you do here.

You delight in it; that goes without saying; anyone would. Ever since the days of Robinson Crusoe, and the popularity of that absorbing narrative, it is evident that men are universally interested in the mere problem of making things. The number of people who have been entranced while reading that story is equaled only by the number who seem driven to prepare for like emergencies in schools like this. You each are so preparing. Your motto seems to be this: to become able to "Make the machine and the machine that makes it." But, while you are doing this, while you are acquiring skill in the various trades of life, do not apologize or feel that your course is one secondary in importance and in dignity to any college course. Your avocations are as full of dignity as is some one else's vocation.

It is easy to illustrate this if one will be content in his very illustrations with commonplace things. I contend, for example, that it is as sure a sign of culture for you, young gentlemen, to be able to design properly a hundred-ton locomotive, or to construct a twenty-story building, as it is for some other to scan the Odes of Horace in the original or to distribute a middle in logic; and

that for you, young ladies, to make a pie or design a shirt waist well is as worthy an occupation as for another to count the satellites of Jupiter or discourse rapturously upon the poetry of the Italian Renaissance. It used to be said that there is no royal road to learning; it would be more proper to say that the avenues leading to it are all royal.

A second word of advice I have to offer. In all your work, have confidence in yourselves. One thing is certain; if you have not, nobody else will have. But it is not that line alone my argument would take. I am thinking back to those examples with which I prefaced this address—that starting-point from which I seem to have wandered so far. It is possible to be self-confident without being self-conceited; to have a solid, gritty, self-determination based upon self-knowledge, even though you do not show it, much less talk of it. If there is anything in you worth while, you know it better than anyone else. Moreover, if it is ever to come out, it is you who from this point on must bring it out. But you cannot do this unless you believe in yourself. After you do thus believe, there is one thing

needed more: that is, unfailing and unflagging industry. You must work, and you must work incessantly. Now the only thing that will keep you at work is the deep, abiding, stern conviction, away down deep within yourselves, that no matter what others may think of you or say, no matter what relative standing you may have had by any kind of grade or ranking, you have the ability to do something and the determination to do it. Let nothing ever shake this conviction or alter this resolution. Pay small attention to the opinion of others. Your own opinion of yourself is better. It is based upon the facts.

My third and last counsel is this. Stick close to the truth. And by the truth I mean not only what you say, but what you think; not only what you speak, but what you act; not only what you do, but what you are. Believe me, it will never pay you to do anything else. You may not believe this. You may have to experiment to find out; but, if you do experiment, you will get some hard knocks while doing it. Life has been well pictured as a river; but the only safe place to navigate a river is in the middle, not

bumping your bark against the sides. There is in this world one straight and simple course of duty. The wise man keeps this course and keeps it constantly. He keeps it in his thinking, in his speaking, in his acting.

I remember once riding in the pilot-house of an old Sound steamer up the East River past New York. I said to the hardy, old, bronzed, weather-beaten fellow: "I suppose you know where every rock in this channel is." He looked at me contemptuously and answered through his teeth which held his pipe: "Naw, I don't know nothing o' the kind. I only know where they're not." Seek out that channel where the rocks are not. If you are ever tempted to experiment, take another's word for it and don't. I wish I might say to you solemnly: I never told a lie in my life that I did not have to tell two more to get out of it; I never wasted time and got it back; I never tried to get out of something because difficult that I didn't get into something worse; I never asked a favor out of laziness that I didn't have to give a dozen in return; I never shirked a duty that I didn't have to perform a harder one instead; in fact, to quote a very sage old coun-

selor; "I never tampered with the fires of Hades that I didn't get my fingers burned."

Now you above all others ought to know this. The very nature of the studies you have followed should have taught you this. For you have dealt with facts, and facts are stubborn things. There ought to be bred, in the laboratory and the workshop, a kind of intellectual honesty in striking contrast to the delusions which so insidiously beset the pursuit of metaphysics, dialectics and rhetoric, in a different kind of school. You students who are educated here have fortunately not learned how to defend a thesis you do not yourselves believe. In that dangerous art you have no practice. In your work in mathematics, in chemistry, in mechanics, in drawing, in designing and making, the problems are not in the books; they are in you. The questions are not asked by rote; they ask themselves. The answers are not printed on pages of paper; they are writ in the fiery laws of the very universe itself. In experiments, the only success you have hoped for was to be right; the only failure you feared was to be wrong.

Then follow this same process everywhere else.

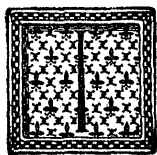
For the same process holds in life as in work. I have not spoken to you of religion *per se*. Would you have resented it? Students are a strange compound of reverence and irreverence. You are at once radical and reactionary, conservative and anarchist, sage and clown, man and boy. But never mind. Stick to this counsel I give you. Then cant and pretense you will not tolerate; irrational doctrine you may discard; but honesty, integrity and righteousness, you will exalt. And they in turn will exalt you.

CHAPTER III

WHY IS A SEMINARY?

Divinity School, Philadelphia, Pa.

*An After-Dinner Speech at the Mid-Winter Banquet
of the Alumni Association*



WAS given two alternatives by Dr. Foley, President of the Association and Toastmaster of the occasion, in his invitation to come to this dinner. He told me I might speak as plainly as I would or be as funny as I could. I wish he had reversed these two subjunctives. I have no capacity for being funny. And I looked upon this as a serious task. Any reader is at liberty to think this in itself is funny. It is not. They may believe that I am bold and likely to speak with blatant assurance. But I assure them I am timorous instead and that I spoke these words with diffidence. The Sister Seminary to which reference is made is my own Alma Mater, Union Seminary in New York.

WHY IS A SEMINARY?

“We will study the products of the soul, and gather such precious gifts as we can for Him to whom the star will point us.”—CHEYNE, *Bampton Lectures*.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, Reverend Clergy and Faithful Laity—without any difference or inequality! I am about to break the first, elemental, fairly kindergarten rule of post-prandial eloquence in that, without a single anecdote, I begin this my address to you. And this is because I am frightened. Any man of my modest pretensions would be in this presence. What with the effervescent wit of your clever Toastmaster, the ever gracious words of Dr. Robinson and the altogether charming flow of address by our new friend, Mr. Chapman, I feel like the timidest mocking-bird among the peacocks of verbiage, the owls of wisdom and the eagles of oratory.

First of all, I bring you greeting from a sister seminary. You may fancy it is a weak sister.

But I hasten to assure you that it is not lacking in piety. Having reassured myself—and you—I go on now to speak my piece. I assume that the things I want to say are sayable. And I know they are—to individuals. In fact, practically all of them have been said to me—and by you—one at a time. My only doubt is whether they can be said safely here to you in company. This is a form of perplexity that often overtakes me. Something like this I have often observed in the case of the clergy.

Have you not yourself reflected how that, whenever you have occasion to talk to your confreres individually, they will agree with you, but that when they assemble in concourse, those same people will not even agree with each other. I have talked with dozens of you very men here present. I have been amazed at your agreement with me, where and when I least expected it. The thing that fills me with surprise is that when you assemble, in Convention for example, things that are equal to the same thing are not equal to each other.

I know I must not speak at length. I know as well there is no need. I have several points in

mind that I wish I might make; but they are so plain that, when once merely stated, they should make themselves. I know you will agree with every one of them. That is why I fear this speech will be so dull. I am at the disadvantage of speaking *ad clerum*; but I have the corresponding advantage of speaking to those who will grasp my meaning at once. I need not labor any point. I need not do more than, as it were, submit a brief. That is the way in which I think all clergy listen to speechmaking. There is only one thing more difficult for them to do than to preach; that is, to listen tolerantly. As to what these points are, I take it for granted you have not invited me to come here to talk about myself, but about you. I know what you think about me. What I want is to tell you what I think about a seminary.

In merest introduction, I am prompted to ask, quite as much of myself as of you, "Why is a Seminary?" Is not the very existence of a school in which to teach people how to teach other people to be good an abnormality? I should not be surprised if the same thing is true nowadays, in regard to this kind of instruction, that was

certainly true when the famous statement was phrased: "The best University in America is a student on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other end." Of whom was it first remarked—I do not remember, but I think it was Samuel Johnson—that, "To know him was a liberal education." If there are any such people to know, I am sure this would be the ideal method, a preferable one to that of trying to impart instruction in divinity or theology in schools. At best, therefore, such a school is only a necessary evil.

I am sure you will agree with me that both the terms "Divinity School" and "Theological Seminary" are misnomers. The very idea of a school is that it is a place where something is taught. I never heard of anybody teaching humanity; and it seems inconceivable to me, by the same token, that anybody could teach divinity. This latter is not something that is taught any more than the former; it is something that is caught. Again, the very suggestion of teaching theology raises a question. The sciences can be taught. But is this a science? There was a time, I am fully aware, when Theology was accounted the

Queen of the Sciences. It is certainly no longer queen. Is it even a science?

I feel the more at liberty in speaking thus because I say this to a group of Divinity School teachers, and not about them. I am the more emboldened by the very fact that I know them well and they know me. They are scholars and gentlemen all. And—which is not, to be sure, so much to their credit—they are my personal friends. If I were susceptible to divinity at all; if I could think of its being contagious in my case; if I did not feel that I might be immune; I would try to catch it from them rather than from any others. If I knew the existence of any such thing as “dogmatic” theology, I would have them teach it to me rather than all other teachers. Still I press my question. Is there? And, if not, why is?

I wonder if herein there may not lie the reason for that rather universal absence of appreciation in which all confessedly now hold their erstwhile courses of instruction in some Seminary. I assume of course that you feel the same way about this that I do. I think you have each told me so privately. It may be too much to expect of

you that, in the presence of each other, you should advertise this fact. But you will all admit it, will you not? We hear lamented the great lack of loyalty on the part of the clergy to their seminaries. Now, as a matter of fact, exhortation here is quite as valueless as lamentation. There is no use lamenting that this is so and exhorting that it should be otherwise. Things are as they are. And the fault lies, where? Is it with the clergy or the seminaries?

One other thing is topic of conversation, where-soever two or three clergy are gathered together. It is the difficulty of enlisting men worth while as students for the ministry. I have heard the fault for this attributed to the rectors of parishes, in not providing more of their young men. I have heard blame laid at the threshold of homes, to the lax interest of parents in not consecrating their sons. But then, I have also seen some of those sons so consecrated. The personnel of students now studying for the ministry is the chief deterring reason why the men you have in mind do not choose that profession. These have seen those first.

This is only one of three causes, however. I

pass it by lightly that I may have more time left to dwell upon the other two. The second is the almost monastic life expected of students while they pass their three years in such schools. While the third in order is the first one of importance; namely, that there is no need for any such school anyway. There is no reason why a course of training for the ministry should be a separate course at all, distinct and definite, in added length of time beyond a college course, and with a segregated group of students. I believe that herein lies a fallacy. I believe, however, this is due in turn to several underlying fallacies. And it is about those that I wish to speak. In order that I may not only be heard but also that my speech may be remembered, I present these points in this alliteration: I want to speak, please, about Protestantism, Parishes, Preachers, Pastors—and possibly, Pensions.

I am always sorry that the great word "Protestantism" has got itself associated solely with the idea of protesting. It stands for this, to be sure; but it stands for much more. In this presence, this at least may be assumed: that it stands for a fact, more than for a method of ac-

completing a fact. To me, it connotes large-mindedness. And this is synonymous with liberality. In other words, it stands for broad-mindedness. And this allies it with the whole idea of liberal education. If you will suppose, for illustration, that the Protestant Church originated with Luther, and if you insist on Luther's work as being one of protestation, I remind you what it was that chiefly he protested against. It was not primarily the abuses of the Church of Rome; it was against the practices that had produced them. Chief among these was suppression of the intellect, repression of the spirit of free thought, discouragement of free inquiry. He was a preacher, after a sort; but he was a teacher *par excellence*. He was a saint, if you insist upon it; but he was, first and before that, a student.

Now my opinion of a liberal education is that it is a desirable thing. I admit that there is place in every province for differences of opinion—in those things that are matters of opinion. But I insist that there is also, in the intellectual world, a realm of fact. I believe that the primary business of a student is to study; that his ulti-

mate end is to search for the truth and that, in doing this, he should admit that facts are stubborn things. If one is looking for the truth, the first thing one needs is light. To enlighten the mind is the task of education. And to rid students of all preconceptions, prejudices, superstitions and suppositions, is the educator's chiefest task.

The first thing I would do, I would have the student open his mind. I would let the sun shine in and the wind blow through. This is the most effective method known of ridding any receptacle of germs or of cobwebs. I would not be afraid of all the new truth that would find new lodging place therein. It would do me no good if I did so fear; for a student, in a modern school or university, will take his own way here. I would not hinder him: I would encourage him; since, in the search for truth, I share the confidence of Mr. James Russell Lowell who observed with equanimity: "The Universe of God is fireproof. It is safe anywhere to strike a match."

If the clerical student did his college work industriously, and if the college courses comprehended what you teach—why should they not—students for the ministry would study while in

college what you merely have to waste your time in teaching them later because they have not learned these sooner. What you should be free from, Dr. Ayer, is the necessity of teaching history, which really precludes the possibility of your teaching the Church's interpretation of that history. It is a shame, Dr. Montgomery, that you should have to spend your time in teaching students to read Hebrew, when what you ought to be left free to do is to teach the Old Testament in Hebrew. And the same is true of Greek, good Dr. Heffern, and so on and on through the curriculum. All the way throughout their college courses, up until they come to you, these students have been doing the things they ought not to have done and leaving undone the things they ought to have done. Is it any wonder that, when you have thus to complete their incompleteness, in the matter of the very tools they are to use, you have no time left to teach them how to use these tools in the ministry?

Why are we raising money to build and endow institutions that we call Divinity Schools, if we already have enough schools as such? And why are we calling them Schools of Divinity, if divinity

cannot be taught anyway? Why are we talking about lengthening courses in such institutions from three years to four instead of focusing selection better on the four-year courses that the students have already in college or university? Is it any wonder students look back with regret upon their seminary courses, in that these did not teach them to be preachers? Is that not as true here of a seminary—when you ask me what it did for me to qualify me for my life professional—which was so in the case of the little boy, who when asked in the Catechism “What did your sponsors then for you?” replied, “Nothing then and nothing since”?

If this kind of teaching can be done, and better done—the kind I mean that has to do with facts and in the sphere of scholarship—in the college or the university; if this is the aim ultimately, and if it is an aim that there is hope of reaching; would there then be any longer need for a post-graduate school in preparation for the ministry? Would there still be a place for a seminary? I answer yes, but in preparation for one thing in particular. And I think there is good precedent here. I recall the custom of old, when there were

such schools. There were schools, yes; but what were they? They were Schools of the Prophets.

Frankly, in the ministry to-day, there are three specialties. There always have been. It was so at the beginning and it is so in practice nowadays for every man, at least after he has been at work out in the open field of the ministry, long enough to find the line of his adaptability. There were, long ago, three lines professional. There was the prophet, and the priest, and the scribe. The scribe of old would represent to-day the scholar. The priest would represent, well, he would represent the priest. And the prophet would correspond to the preacher. Are they ever the same? And are the three qualities ever found in the same person? If not, then should such persons not be separately trained?

I may have overlooked some in my survey; but I have never yet seen the man who has all three of these at one time. The scholar, the recluse, is not the preacher—nor yet vice versa. And the man who looks and acts the priest is neither preacher nor scholar. He has not time to be the one and he does not try to be the other. The scholar, the scribe, could be left to himself

to pursue his studies. He would do this in post-graduate departments of real universities. He does not need a separate school. The priest would not study if he had a thousand schools. What use would you expect him to make of scholarship if he be, as is the case, innately scornful of it. He need not be taught priestcraft. His aptitude will teach him fast enough—some of us think it teaches him too rapidly.

It is possible to have men taught to preach. But is that what seminaries are doing chiefly? Is it not what they neglect to do most lamentably? Their theory in this regard seems to be that, since preaching is only roaring, one can do it extempore. It is folly to expect the same of all your students and to try to have them all conform to one standard; to hold all of these three groups of men down to the same course, through three years, the effort apparently being to make them all as much alike as possible; to try to turn them out all in conformity to a single norm and graded by the same examinations. This hinders rather than helps most of them. It is only after they have been released from these trammels that they eventually find, each his own special one of those

three lines I mentioned. But they do this, all of them. Each one eventually comes to one of these, and that to the exclusion of the other two.

Come we now to our next word, Parishes. I know how some condemn those who think only in terms parochial. I make no apology for them. I pride myself on being one of them. In these days of catch words, there are several ones that give me grief. One is the use—recurrent, repetitious—of the word Diocesan. Decision here turns on the answer to one question. Is the Diocese the unit of Church Life? Is it the fixed point of procedure and is its welfare the aim of all endeavor? Do its influence and authority radiate out and ramify into parishes, thereby guiding them and using them? Is this the way the two things came to be? Is it not rather the case that parishes were first; that these were the units; that it was only by combination of these that a Diocese ever came later to be? In the present day, is not the Diocese and ought it not to be, an afterthought? Is it not a necessary evil rather than a prime necessity?

If it is 150 times as important then to run the 150 parishes that make up one diocese as it is for

a Diocesan to think he runs 150 parishes, surely somebody has to run the parish. Now, who is this to be? Here come to my mind some others of those tantalizing words and phrases. I am thinking, for example, of those so-called "leading laymen." There ought to be no such. They ought to be led. It is you clergy who ought to lead where others ought to follow. I need not speak of "Forward Movements," "Brotherhoods," "Commissions," "Auxiliaries," *et cetera, et al.* My quarrel with these is, not that they do not succeed; it is that they get in the way of success. I have kept for some time one drawer of a desk in which to keep assembling in one place all the correspondence of a certain type that comes to me. In the past year alone, there have been a thousand pieces of this. Sometimes this is printed matter; usually it is mimeographed or otherwise stereotyped; or there are circular letters, beginning with personal address and phrased in language supposedly confidential and then signed with a rubber stamp or, in rambling handwriting, "per" somebody.

Let me hint at what compliance with all these requests would have involved. I have been

asked to attend meetings, 650 in number, enough to have consumed all the working hours of twice the working days of a year. I have been asked to give notices and make announcements averaging five to a Sunday. I have been pressed with requests from those who would gladly have provided me with material to preach 109 special sermons, on appointed topics, an average of more than one at each service, two services a week, fifty-two weeks in the year. What we need, in this Church of ours, and need most in this good city, is a movement to repress movements; a society for the suppression of committees; an order for the surcease of annoyances. I am speaking, you recall, of parishes. Upon the whole, the head of a parish had better be the rector. You Protestant Preachers do well to stick close to your Parishes.

Oh! I said I might speak of Pensions. I consume time only with one illustration. It is that of one parish I know. I was asked the other day to participate to the extent of \$40,000 in raising in this diocese alone \$1,000,000 to be part of a general \$5,000,000 fund to take care of clergy after they have spent lives failing to prove able

to take care of themselves. I note from the records of that same parish that the annual offering, on All Saints' Day, for Education of the Ministry was \$8.40. I suspect this is about the average conception of the relative importance of two duties. If you will give me \$5,000,000 to educate the clergy of this Church, I will undertake to pension them with fifty cents. It is only because we are educating a fifty-cent ministry that the laity are anxious to retire them as early as possible and have need then to pension them up to their death.

I lament the whole practice of ministerial aid, clerical discounts, sustentation funds and pension systems, since they begin absolutely at the wrong end. There ought to be no need for perquisites to men rightly qualified and well equipped. And this is for a simple reason: A man rightly equipped for the Ministry ought to be able to go out into the community and make his own parish. If he cannot do this, you may set him down as utterly incompetent to run one that is ready-made. If he is able to do the former, you need not worry over the question of his support. If he is not, you ought not to be willing to grant him support.

Do you make an appeal for this support based on the needs of widows and orphans? Are you concerned with the wives of those needy young men whose chief need seems to be matrimony? Well, I speak feelingly in this connection; for, like Uncle Remus, "I have done gone had experience." Like the woman in the Scripture with her physicians, I have suffered many things from many assistants, and am little the better but rather the worse. If I were a candidate for matrimony, I would either get out of the ministry or go far enough into it to justify such rash procedure before I dragged a wife in after me. If, through my own folly and improvidence, I found myself drowning in financial depths, I would at least have the nerve to die quietly and not shriek for a pension as a life preserver. I notice that the degree given by your institution is Bachelor of Divinity. In the giving of this degree, you ought to remind the recipient of the Psalm of Degrees. You might remind him also that it is one of the Psalms of David.

I have spoken, in another connection to some of the members of this circle about what seems to me to be a wrong point of departure and a

wholly wrong method of procedure in our attitude toward a certain vital matter. I refer in the large, to the subject of Missions. The same has bearing here, on our problem to-night. There are three things about which much talking is done, three subdivisions of that major subject. I am thinking of money, men, and message. Chief emphasis is laid upon the task of raising money. Only secondarily, far after this, comes the question of men through whom to expend this money. Lastly only, and almost negligibly, stands the question: "What is the message you want these men, by the aid of this money, to carry?"

I would suggest the utter reversal of this order. If you will first give attention to clearing up frankly the question of message; if you will find out what is the gospel you are trying to have preached; you will have less trouble getting and preparing men to preach it. If you have these men—or when you have them—to preach that message so prepared, I will undertake with ease to get you all the money that is needed. When that order is again established there will once again prevail the custom which was common in the long ago; Crown Princes of the realm and

Queens like Isabella of Castile will pawn their jewels as they always have, and will be glad to do it.

I rejoice to think that this school in particular is wide-awake to needs for better education for the ministry. I believe you are beginning where alone beginnings should be made. I felicitate you on your high resolve to make more Protestant the Church of God. In preparing preachers, I am glad you want to make more learned and more earnest "able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I wish you might see your way clear to shorten your course and to specialize your preparation. I wish, when you have trained all such preachers, they might be put in charge, where they will actually be in charge, of parishes. In doing this, you will make needless the well-meaning but misdirected efforts of those who would pension such as would then never be in need of perquisites.

CHAPTER IV

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

Union Theological Seminary

*An Address at the Annual Alumni Banquet in
New York City*



THIS address is going to have three excellencies and one defect. The defect is a positive one; the excellencies are all negative. It will have one fault and three virtues. The fault is in the fact that it will be so largely the story of personal experience, the expression of individual opinion. The merits or virtues are these: it will not be long; it will not be oratorical and it is not going to be—that is, not so that you would notice it—upon my theme. This last fact I should perhaps have mentioned first. Maybe I ought humbly to beg pardon of the Toastmaster who has set me my task. I do not, however, make this statement in apology; I have only written it down here in explanation.

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

“For we must of necessity hold that there is something exceptional and worthy of God, which does not admit of any comparison at all.”—ORIGEN, *De Principiis*.

Mr. Chairman, honored Trustees, learned Faculty, fellow Alumni, Students, Graduates, Friends: Your Chairman wrote, for the committee, asking me to speak of “The Activities of the City Church.” To be accurate, I mean to speak of that, but not to speak as he intended. I fancy that the phrasing of this subject connotes to your minds as to his, the so-called Institutional Church; the busy church of the large city, with its manifold and multiform activities. At least, let that be our point of departure.

On the subject of such Institutional Church activity, I have in mind the comment made by Chesterton on Bernard Shaw. Said he: “The people who read Bernard Shaw all belong to one of two classes. The first say they do not understand him; the second say that they agree with

him. Now, I am the only man in England who does understand him, and I do not agree with him."

It just so happens that my whole course, since the day I left this Seminary, has been in three large churches in three cities; in the first two, as assistant; in the third, as rector. In all three there were large parish-houses. All three churches were institutional. All three had large endowments. All three had consequent entanglements, alliances, appliances, which in the last, because it was my own, I have spent my time chiefly in crushing out and cutting off and converting.

Inasmuch as I am an Episcopalian, you will doubtless be inclined to say that this has been my only attempt at "conversion." Be that as it may. You have chosen me to speak to you to-night because you think I know the value of large Institutional Church work. I do know all about it. And I think it very valueless.

But I must not begin by being flippant. And you know I do not mean to be. I would state an outline, first of all, and that merely by taking my subject apart and emphasizing its three words in sequence. By "Activities," what do you mean?

By a "Church" what do I mean? Of a "City" church in particular, what are the marks we both recognize? In the ministry, your work and mine, in city or in country, in the task that we have undertaken, just what is the burden, what the privilege, what the reward? In the measure of success you graduates shall meet with, where are the reasons? Or, of the failure, where will be the faults?

I begin with Activities. In the churches I find fault with, these are of two classes; some are merely rival, some are actually hostile to the chief work of the ministry. There are things that are, at the best, extraneous and, at the worst actually alien to the work of real importance that you are ordained to do. The study of the pastor of such a modern city church as I am thinking of is an anomaly. It has the composite appearance of an office, a bank, a lobby, a dispensary, a general clearing house in short, of everything except a place to study. The danger is that the preacher, because of the pressure of other things upon his time, has not time left in which to prepare to preach. His time is consumed by the discharge of so many dissipating duties. He can be com-

pared to nothing else so much as to a juggler busy in keeping the largest possible number of balls up in the air at one time.

I could find in this field full a hundred illustrations. I choose only one. I am thinking, in the work of Parish Houses, of the institution of Men's Clubs. Such houses nowadays are an integral part of every such church as you have in mind. The work attempted in them is, in very large measure, a concession; in some other measure, it is a confession. It is an admission that the Church as such is not enticing; it is a compromise to those who will come near it only on their own conditions.

Such a church opens a room in such a parish house, then, and expects that club-room to serve as a sort of safe retreat. Either this or it reverses that order and, instead of furnishing to men already members of the church these accommodations, furnishes the accommodations to men not members of the church at all. Regarding the first of these efforts, that a church should provide a "place of safe retreat," I have nothing to say. If in any case it does not succeed, it must be because in that community such a club is not needed.

Regarding the second, however, that is, that a club shall serve as a "feeder for the church," I merely have to declare that it fails. It fails utterly and it fails always.

One thing that used to strike me as I watched the largest of these efforts in this city in this generation, was the way the work appealed to all alike as good—who had not tried it. They used to come and look on and go home enthusiastic and report that this, this was the very thing they needed to make their own church "go." But another thing, alas, that struck me was the almost total lack of apprehension by these people of the real nature of the work and of the difficulties that confront those who attempt to do it. In theory, the thing is pleasing, and at first sight plausible; but, in point of fact, it simply does not work. Men will follow just so far along that line and then stop. They will take just what you have to give; but when, in turn, you ask that they shall give themselves, they refuse. They refuse courteously, to be sure, but none the less emphatically.

So much for activities I have described as extra, or extraneous. There are others that are actually alien. They not only hinder, they estrange, the

clergyman who is beset by them. They are those irksome duties laid on from the outside which try the ordinary minister, and take him away from his study and his people. They are not inherent in the parish as such: they are fostered by committees, commissions, boards, agencies and societies, some self-constituted, some decreed by a convention, conference or synod. There is the wearing drip of collection appeals, from those who believe that the gift of God can be purchased with money. There are the clamorous requests of those anxious to compile data, thinking that the kingdom of God cometh with observation. There are the exponents of a sentimental and indiscriminating charity, which creates an economic demand for beggars and tends to the deterioration of character.

I would even go one step further and comment on some of the Church's "missionary" activity. Much of this agitation is, to speak the truth, dishonest. An appeal for funds is made for the ostensible purpose of spreading the gospel, the funds being used when collected rather for the propagation of a dogma or the growth of a denomination. I have not even much interest in mammoth re-

vivals, in monster conventions, in young people's rallies, in Men and Religion movements. These latter seem to me to be marked too often by two features. They have two elements of failure. In the first place, they are not conducted by men; in the second place, they have little to do with religion. Still worse as a fault, though only incidentally, they do not move. The average movement of this kind, so-called, moves very little but itself. In its tumult of sound and its tempest of motion, it reminds me of a locomotive with its whirring wheels slipping on the track and its safety valve letting off steam at one time.

Now, I have spoken radically. I can only hope I have said nothing rabidly. I am well aware of all the good intention of those who attempt such efforts and foment such movements as those of the two classes referred to. I seek for a cause. I think I find it in a frame of mind that has of late years overtaken many of the clergy. They have felt that something they thought firm was slipping. They have found that what they were preaching was not compelling. They have looked afield for something new and other than the message or the methods that they had believed and

tested, taught and practiced. Some took one course, some another. But both courses led off at right angles. Neither went straight forward. The first took up with philanthropy, the second with emotionalism. Neither, I submit, will bring the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Neither is the chiefest function of the Church.

Methods may change; they may have to change. Beliefs may change; they have changed. What is there left? Everything. Perhaps I should say everybody. The people are left. They are the same in every age. There is no deeper truism than that human nature always is the same. I do not believe a single word of the old theology; but I do not believe in a single method of the new institutionalism, nor in a single motive of the new revivalism.

I can never say too much nor feel too grateful for what Union Seminary did for me in setting my mind free on both of these particulars. It cured me of all the things I thought I had. It taught me that there is a curious want of harmony between our highest views of life and our conventional religious beliefs. It taught me the utter futility of rehabilitating truth in the grave-clothes

of long-buried formulas. It taught me that the identification of religion with theology has been a blunder and a calamity; for religion is an original necessity while theology is only a derivative necessity. It taught me to scorn the unessential formulation of essential truths. It taught me that religion is one thing and theology another; but it taught me also that religion is never found apart from a theology of some kind; for theology is the intellectual articulation of religious experience.

Now, when you young men go out into the ministry you will find the importance of all this. One of the most significant features of modern thinking is the shifting it discloses of the centers of moral interest. Not since the beginning of preaching has there been a time so hard upon the educated, honest preacher as to-day. Yet never has there been a time when his chief task was so enticing. Two things are becoming constantly clearer; first, that more and more stress is to be laid by the churches upon Christian character as of more importance than doctrinal beliefs; and second, that in some branches of the Christian Church, if not indeed in all, there is a place for

the devout and sincere minister who dissents from many of his fellows in matters of theological doctrine. This leaves the way open, as seldom before, for you to preach. And preaching is the one most precious privilege that you have in the Church.

I am trying to point you to this privilege. I am trying to tell you what freedom you have. I am trying to show that only the slavish mind is a slave. I am trying to say that the limitations upon life are not outer but inner. No more in Catholic circles than in extreme evangelical ones, the clergy are apt to set up the ecclesiastical life as practically synonymous with the religious life, and to identify devotion to the Church with devotion to God. That will never avail. That will never save the Church. And let me say plainly that I do not think our object should be to find a remedy which will save the churches as such. What is wanted is a driving force which will enable the churches to fulfill their true mission of saving the world; or, to put it better still, will serve to bring mankind back to real living, back to faith in God and the spiritual meaning of life.

I have spoken of Activities and of the Church.

But just what constitutes a City church? Wherein is it distinctive from the country church? If you go to one or other, what will be the difference? "The city," wrote Josiah Strong, "is the nerve center of civilization." It is also, alas, the storm center. In it there are problems that arise out of its very vastness. It is a place of extremes. In it there are vast preserves of opulence in which none but the richest could live, and sinks of squalor and misery in which none but the poorest would live. It has the defects of its virtues.

On the other hand, life in the city is simpler; in the country it is more complex. In the city, people fall into grooves. These are sharper grooves and deeper, but they are narrower and more sharply defined. In the country, the average person is more adaptable and much more versatile. He thus develops a certain independence and is prone to pass judgment on more things. He will make much more various demands upon you. He will be less content to let you alone as a specialist and less inclined to look to you for any final word along your own especial line.

Of course the most irreligious types in the world

are those whom some of you will have to deal with in country environments, the model religionists of old-fashioned country communities. We shall not pause to speak about that. In the country town it is that envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness flourish with the rankest growth. No need is there for pausing either to labor that point. You will have to make your best of this. I wonder what the cure would be. The great obstacle to success in these small communities is supposed by some to be the appalling number of sects in most of them, among which Christians are subdivided. My observation is that the chiefest difficulty with the country town is not that there are too many churches, but that there are so few. There can only be one of each denomination. The city church has the advantage that the malcontent can always leave your parish and seek out another. There are more churches than one and so he has a range of choice; he is not bound to one parish of sheer necessity. In the country, you must leave him; in the city, he can leave you.

But these, you say, are minor contrasts? I admit they are. I beg you not to make too much

of them—or any others; for there are none of importance. David Harum was right: “There is as much human nature in some folks as there is in others—if not a little more.” Even Sancho Panza spoke the truth: “All men are as God made them—and some are a little worse.” Yours is the task of making bad men good; yours is the privilege of molding human nature with a touch of the divine.

Will you now succeed or fail? Will you be useful or useless ministers in churches where you are incumbent? For it is absolutely impossible to speak further of “The Church” here in general phrase. There is no such thing for the purpose under survey. There are only churches. There are churches and churches. And, by the same token, there is no such thing as an average clergyman. There are only individuals. Will you then succeed? And, if so, how and why? I remember hearing Mr. Roosevelt once, in speaking to a group of young men say, “Young gentlemen, in this country and in this generation, you can get anything you want, provided you know what you want, want it badly enough and work hard enough for it.”

The elements of success in yours, as in every other profession, are these very three: First, you must know what you want. You must have a clear understanding of what the mission of the clergy is and of what is the function of the Church. You must know it is "the cure of souls." The question of man's nature, destiny and duty, and of God's past and present revelation of Himself to man, must be your constant study and inquiry. You must know that the supreme values after all, in the sight of men as in the sight of God, are moral and spiritual ones. You must understand that the work of the minister of religion is to bring this force to fruition in the time in which we live; in the creation of finer characters, in the molding of a more perfect society, in making Christ's great law of love to God and man a present reality in this workaday world.

The significance of this declaration may be slow to dawn upon you. Many voices are clamoring in the name of many theories and thereby drowning effectually the utterance of this finer voice. But the economic and social questions about which the world is wrangling to-day are secondary, ancillary all to this. All men, and in

proportion to their sympathetic nature, are moved to pity by the sad misfortune of the poor. But the thing they too often forget is that there are things in life that are worse than cold and hunger or sickness or nakedness or the sword.

In attempts to deal with this, there are two coteries of people. They employ two methods; the one is wrong, the other right. The one method is external and legal; the other is internal and spiritual. One group deal with the external manifestation of principles; the other deal with their manifestation in the human soul. The one is engaged in trying to make out of human beings perfect animals; the other would transform them into perfect men. The settlement-house as a method of settling social problems fails. The workers are forever letting empty buckets into empty wells and growing old forever drawing nothing up. The preacher deals with those eternal principles which are enthroned on high and which ought to be supreme in the world in which we live. Be this by choice. Know what you want. And know it is "the cure of souls."

The second of these elements of your success is that, knowing what you want, you shall want

it badly enough. That is, there must be the heartfelt eagerness and the burning desire to do the thing in action that your judgment tells you is the thing that would be well, if done, in theory. In short you must have "a call." Mere intellectual approval of values, the mere knowledge of truth, merely seeing clearly the thing that ought to be done is not enough. You must have within yourself the burning, eager, all-consuming desire to do it. You must be fresh-hearted, as well as clear-headed. You must have invention and initiative. But, above and beyond everything else, you must have the love of souls.

This is the explanation of much that goes on. This is the reason for so many failures of men in the ministry. They find, when actually they get to work, that they do not want to do the thing they wanted to prepare to do. If you do not want to do this; if you are not as clear as crystal on this point, I advise you to find it out. This is the time to know it. Stop right here at your commencement. That is to say, stop before you begin. Better find another job and go to work. Run dispensaries, superintend charity or-

ganization societies, engineer bowling contests, teach sight-singing classes. But do not encumber the Church with them and do not draw from the Church your salary for the doing of them.

You are likely to find the first of these two things mentioned in Union Seminary. Are you quite sure you have found this second? If this Seminary has a fault, among its many virtues; if it has a failure in proportion as it has had great success, it is likely to be just in this. There is danger that it shall conduce to a type that may be quite clear-headed but a little cold-hearted; clear of understanding but a little dull of vision. If you should become as hard-hearted as you are hard-headed, if you should lack in enthusiasm what can never be made up by cold sheer intellectuality, it were a misfortune that you should discover—and at once. The ministry is a good profession, but a poor, poor trade. You must have a call; you must feel a vocation.

The third and last of these essentials is nothing else than the simple trait of industry. Knowing what you want and wanting it badly enough, you must work hard enough for it. But this work is special work. Remember you are a specialist.

Then stick to your calling. If there is one chief requisite for success in this profession, it is this: and if there is one reason above all others for failure, it is in the lack of it in many; which lack is a loathsome thing, for it is laziness.

The clergyman—the busy one—works hard. He works more hours in the day than any of his people; he works seven days in the week; he works hardest on the day they have most leisure; while even his vacations, although long considering, must all be spent in work preparing for next season,—reading, studying and writing. But that alone is not my point. More than in any other profession, in the ministry it is easy to fill all one's time with superficial things and to avoid the doing of the hardest one. A clergyman may be the busiest man in town and yet leave his greatest work undone. He may be "busy with concerns of little worth, an idler in the best."

You will chafe oftentimes because hampered by circumstances which you cannot control and which threaten to control you. But in your attempt to reach the heights, you must not scorn the path, nor be unmindful of the daily toil by which you have to climb. Nor is that height

to-day a mediocre one; for such a man must have many different qualities. He must be many different things at once and he must be all of these with some degree of proficiency. He must be a scholar, a writer, a speaker, a teacher, an organizer, a business man. Few people have any idea of the daily routine of the city clergyman's life; rather of the absence of routine, of the impossibility of system, of the manifold nature of his duties, of the round of interruptions, that occur, of the variety of the tasks he must perform and of the many kinds of persons he must meet and deal with.

To say that a man who is able to do this work is a good organizer would be as superfluous as to say that a life saver knows how to swim. Moreover, to say that he has executive ability is not always to speak the highest praise. People are wont to acclaim in the minister business ability. Personally, I am not so sure of this. To have a church "run in a businesslike way" is a doubtful benefit. Church funds are not raised by book-keeping; charity cannot be administered as sugar is sold, by the scales; nor can sympathy be doled out to sorrowing ones from labeled chests of draw-

ers and pigeon holes. In the same way that a plow is not a bicycle, a sword a yard stick, nor a tear vial an oil can, so a parish register is not merely a card catalogue, a subscription list is more than a page of a ledger, a sermon something else besides a carefully typewritten manuscript and a pastoral visit something more than a drummer's monthly call. To know the ways of business and to have its instincts does no harm; but also it may do no good. Those who know figures best, keep records most accurately and manage details to perfection, sometimes can do nothing else. And, vice versa, they who cannot do these things at all can often do far better ones.

Your task is no easy one; it is no single one; and it is no simple one. You are a specialist in generalities. You must define for yourself and present to others the conception of spiritual insight as held by men—even by men of spirit—centuries ago. You must stimulate the human sense and sensitize the human conscience. You must help to lift the helpless human mass. You must fight the battles of real righteousness, and do the works of practical beneficence. But you must do some-

thing far harder still: you must deal, one by one, with human souls and try to bring those souls to God.

Herein is the pastoral office. And you must fulfill it. If the pastoral instinct be crushed out of existence between the upper and lower millstones of raging sensationalism and ecclesiastical worldliness, then the Christian Church will sink into a theological club or a society for social reform. It is difficult to talk to men about their souls. It is embarrassing to pray with the sick and afflicted. It is trying to the patience to be gentle with the ignorant and scornful. It is perplexing sometimes to induce the rich to give alms to the poor. It is exhausting to give more sympathy than one can get in return. And it is hard to preach to others with the same candor that one uses in thinking to himself. But he who tries to succeed otherwise in this office fails—and he deserves to fail.

Nor will your work be all thus active: some of it will be as passive. Quite as much of it will consist in enduring as in achieving. The keenest pangs come to your people with their disappointment at God himself. And when these come to

them they will come in a measure to yourself. The hardest things that you will know or do are not the ones at present uppermost in your consideration. They are not the ones now foremost in your forecast. The Sunday preaching services will be the fire from which all the warmth and light of your study will radiate. The proclaiming of liberty to the captives or opening of the prison to them that are bound is a joy. It is a privilege and not a task to assure the tried and tempted ones that their sufferings are not in vain. But to achieve conviction upon these points for yourself is much more difficult.

Here is no place then for light living or for shallow feeling, or for flippant speech. You must be serious. But seriousness has certain attributes. It is sober, it is sensible, it is earnest, and it is discreet. This leads to four details of method in preaching. He who does not have these attributes makes four mistakes. First, there are those who "court a smile when they should woo a soul." The seed that they sow has small depth of earth; no wonder the heat of the sun scorches it. Then there are those who strain after effect. They do this out of the pulpit as

well as in it. There are those too who leave the word of God to serve tables. They are preachers who do everything but preach. Instead of depending on preaching, they depend upon sociables, fairs, magic lantern entertainments, charitable enterprises and philanthropic work. Lastly, there are those who in their preaching are polemic. Better the method of him who "argued not but preached and conscience did the rest." You must believe that to preach is the most serious business on earth and you must approach your task every week with prayer and fasting, fear and trembling. Then you will perform it with success.

Of the voices of this age, most have a tone of pessimism for the future of religion and religious institutions. The tone in general of the writers on such subjects is one of fear and apprehension. I believe that fear is groundless and that apprehension needless. Have no fear lest religion may, at some future time, disappear from the earth. Man is incurably religious. So long as human misery craves human sympathy; so long as love can kiss away the scar of pain; while sorrow sits a priestess in the vaults of death and hope sees

light beyond the portals of a tomb, so long will there be work for you to do.

Decline in the practice of church-going began with the failure of preaching. This failed because the men who were the strongest intellectually ceased to believe the things they were called upon to preach. But they refused to press on and try to preach the things they did believe. They laid down the old; but they did not take up the new. There followed those a generation of much weaker men. These, whether not knowing or not daring, declined to take up the task the former had laid down; but they did take up instead with other things. Of these, the chiefest was philanthropy. The cults, societies, institutions, organizations that pursued this policy have failed. Now we are coming back again to face a new necessity. And to that task there will come once again a group of stronger men.

They will come because they are so sorely needed. It is not from foreign lands alone that the cry comes to our ears to-day for preachers of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. There are even signs that the very greatest days of the pulpit are in the future. For more than a thou-

sand years, it has been affirmed from time to time that the golden days for preaching have passed. But inevitably has some prophet arisen, from the days of Chrysostom and Augustine to those of Channing and Beecher and Brooks to prove the statement false. Whoever plays upon the chords of love and reverence and aspiration and draws forth harmony, will be listened to with interest; and wheresoever a man arises in whose heart there burns the true prophetic fire, men will gather about him as they have gathered of yore in order to be taught the way in which to walk.

I fix your mind here upon a final consideration. Have regard for the value of prayer. Men seldom realize how important is the place it holds in life. It is the very basal element in religion. It is that, for example, upon which alone the Church stands. A church is first of all a place to which people come to say their prayers. If things should ever come to the point where men cease to believe in the possibility of intercourse between their souls within them and some greater soul outside of them, that moment the Church would cease to exist. There might still be a church-organization; but it would be an anomaly.

The music might be exquisite; the sermons might be eulogies; the preachers might be orators and the congregations cultured and refined; but it would not be a church. For Tennyson was right:

“More things are wrought by prayer than this
world dreams of.

Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain, night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats,

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round world is every way

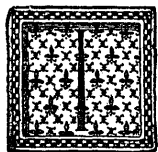
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

CHAPTER V

GOD'S BEST INTERPRETERS

Philadelphia Kindergarten Training School

*An Address to a Hundred Young Ladies, on Each
of Three Different Occasions*



RECALL an observation once made by Professor Munsterberg, in addressing some students, to the effect that he had discovered the National Pastime of the Great American People. It is not golf. It is not football. It is not even baseball. It is holding Commencement Exercises. In this country, any given year, there are twenty odd million people of school-going age. All must graduate from something. This propensity runs all the way down—or up—from the university to the kindergarten. Which is my excuse for binding this chapter along with the foregoing and the following. All will understand, of course, that the words indited were addressed, not to children, but to teachers.

GOD'S BEST INTERPRETERS

"All training should be such as to draw out God-given faculties. And children are God's own best interpreters."—COMENIUS, *School of Infancy*.

Young Ladies: I hope you all have that discriminating sense which will enable you to see the humor of this situation. I hope you all agree with me regarding the entire unfitness, the total and utter inappropriateness, the complete, thorough and full ridiculousness of my attempting to make this address. The idea of my trying to talk about your profession, to you who are my betters, in the presence of these who are both your and my own elders!

There is only one qualification I can think of that I possibly possess; that is, my subtle and profound, my boundless and exhaustless, my thoroughly accurate, minute and detailed ignorance of the entire subject I must be supposed to dwell upon. The advantage is this: I have always heard that those who have had least experi-

ence in doing any special thing can always give the most advice about the doing of that very thing.

If this axiom be sound, then, a young gentleman who knows, by such process of reasoning, everything there is to know about this subject, giving advice to a group of young ladies who have just completed the task of learning, theoretically, a few things, in the presence of a company of parents and elders, who, of course, know nothing either way about it—this ought to be the perfection of speechmaking.

There is one point at which everyone, addressing every such company, at every such season as this, begins, and that even before beginning his speech. Some do this out of habit. I only know that I do it to-night because I am eager to, because I want to, because in short, I can't go any farther until I have done it. I begin with a word of congratulation; of congratulation and felicitation.

I congratulate you heartily upon having completed so well and so creditably the course of study of which this evening marks the completion; I felicitate you, and I wish you well, upon

that longer course of work added to study, of which this day marks the commencement. More than that, I make bold, even beyond this, to go one step farther. I congratulate a multitude of parents not here present and a generation of children yet unborn upon their future great good fortune, parents and children alike, in that they are to have, although they know it not, the trained and practised aid of teachers who are kindergartners.

But now as a stranger to you in the same manner and degree as to my theme, I most naturally begin by wondering who you are and what it is you are going to do. I might think of you as coming, some each from two different environments and as going to each of two different tasks. But I do not. I might think of your homes as dissimilar and of the fields of labor to which you will go as divergent. But, on the whole, in one regard, these origins are similar and all these destinations are identical.

What I am hinting at is this: Regret it as we may, we cannot help but think, in some of the relations of life, of people under that great two-fold classification, the rich and the poor. While

the line between these classes is one not easy to draw, even in imagination, there is one place in which approximately it draws itself; that is, in the sharp line of distinction that exists between our public and our private schools. Between the groups of pupils in schools of these two divergent types, in a city such as this, there is a great gulf fixed.

Now, some of you have been trained in one of these, some in the other; which means that you come from homes, some technically rich, some technically and proverbially not so. You will go also to the training of children, some of you to those of one type as definitely and some to those of the other. The point I am coming to, and the thesis I am getting ready to defend, is that this has made no difference whatever in your purpose up to this point. And it will make as little difference in your practice in the future. You yourselves are all alike in this; you have one calling. The children you teach will all be alike in one thing also; that is, they present one opportunity.

First, I say, you are alike in that you have one calling. You have come from different homes

and you will go to different schools. You were born in different circumstances; you will work henceforth in different fields. There are some of you who will make of the work for which this course has trained you a means of livelihood; there are others in the case of whom this will not be so at all. To some of you in other words, teaching children will be an occupation, while to others it will be an avocation. And yet I contend that to all, it will be a vocation, a calling.

“Calling” is good; for, in every case, there is something back of your resolution to take up this work which is more than mere volition, more than a mere act of will on your part. There is something native and instinctive; something clamorous, insistent, urgent. You enter this profession, if at all, in answer to a summons. You do it because you are constrained to do so by an aptitude. People who have no ear for music do not study the piano. People who have no taste for literature do not train themselves to write. People who “simply hate children” do not study to be kindergartners. There is one thing I repeat, that you all have in common, one regard

in which you are alike. No matter whence you come or where you go, you are called to your work.

In the second place, I observe that children are all alike in this, that they present one opportunity. The tasks to which you go will be, in one regard, all similar. You will all deal with children, with children under half a dozen years of age. And, at that age, all children are alike. At least they are alike in this: that their little lives are yet unformed, their characters as yet unmolded and their instincts, tastes, proclivities, desires, habits are all undeveloped. Just as you are similar in purpose and in preparation, so you will find your children, charges, wards, all similar—at least in possibilities.

There is nothing else so much alike as so many small children. They are alike most of all, I claim, in possibilities, in that of which they are capable. This it is that constitutes your opportunity. And, for all of you in dealing with them all, this opportunity is one. It is the same in every case. More than that, it is enormous. Small children are capable of being and of doing, that is, of becoming almost anything. They are capable of

being made or molded into almost anything, good or bad. What is of chief importance is that, at this task of molding their small lives and characters, their thoughts and affections, their minds and hearts, as their very bodies in fact, you have the first chance. Please bear this in mind. And bear it seriously in mind—the infinite possibilities in each little life and your peculiar opportunity to make ideals become actualities.

With these statements in mind, I would like now to make two suggestions. I would then venture two, or perhaps even three, pieces of advice. The suggestions are general and regard the mere treatment of children as such; the advice is specific, at so many points, and pertains to the teaching of them in particular. The suggestions, I say, have to do with the treatment of children in general, by anybody; the advice has to do with the teaching of them, and by you in particular.

And I make these suggestions in earnest. I cannot help but feel that there are two grievous mistakes which many well-meaning folk make in their treatment of children and that these two mistakes account, the one for most of the igno-

rance of the average child, the other for most of the average child's unhappiness.

The first suggestion, if I can make my meaning plain, is this: Be sure that you take children seriously enough. One who teaches children is often cautioned not to talk over their heads. On the contrary, I am more inclined to give the caution: Don't talk under their feet. Putting yourself *en rapport* with a child, putting yourself in the child's place, does not necessarily mean making yourself childish. The fact is, children always know more than we give them credit for. It is a disputed question just how far back any one's own memory goes. Some would say to the age of six years, some to two. I do not know which are the nearer right. What I do know is that, as far back as my own memory goes, before it comes to the vanishing point, I can remember being vexed and troubled by one thing (something, by the way, for that matter, which has annoyed all of us in like manner ever since) that is, I knew more than anybody gave me credit for. When I was fifteen or ten, or eight, yes when I was seven or six years of age, I knew things that nobody knew that I knew.

This first, therefore, of my two suggestions is this: Study always to know how high is a child's level of intelligence, not how low it is. Never give a child's serious question a foolish answer. And the child will thank you for your courtesy and admire you for your rare power of comprehension. When they ask you questions, say you don't know if you must; talk of something else in hope that the inquiry will pass, if you would rather; but don't, by some silly, trifling flippant answer, meet the little, keen, clear eyes as big as silver dollars with expectancy, and leave the question to become a lump of disappointment in a quivering little throat and the child itself to become contemptuous of you for your lack of understanding of a child's capacity to understand.

And a second suggestion, one which follows hard upon this first and were corrective of it, if it should be followed to too great extreme, is this: Never stare a child's self-consciousness in the face. This suggestion must be heeded by those who would gain the confidence of children. You may look into a child's soul through its eyes for something you want and draw it away as with a hook and line; but that child will never let you look that

way again; it will avoid you, shun you, and in time, if you persist, will hate you. There are certain things in childhood, as surely as do others in maturity, that go by favors. And favors here, as elsewhere, come most often to those who seek for them least—certainly least directly. The one great favor that a child has to give is its confidence. Every child has this to give, and every child is profligate wherever a gift is concerned.

So let it be therefore in all things intimate between you and your tiny pupils. If you would teach or instruct, inform or advise, exhort or admonish, do so if you can without causing self-reproach, self-despite, self-conceit, or self-consciousness of any kind. If these exhibit themselves, be blind. Do not see them. Remember you are old by comparison, and they are young; you are wise, they are not; you are big, they are little; and they expect you to deal with those of "your own size" if you wish some one to combat with or tilt with, to test wits against and to fend repartee and badinage and argument. All which is my second suggestion. Remember, the longest way round is the shortest way home.

And, now there remain those three pieces of

advice. However presumptuous it may seem on my part, there is special counsel that I want to give on three specific points. Here are three charges I lay down emphatically, three things I advise you to teach little children to do.

The first is, teach them to sit still. This means more than keeping their mere bodies in repose, although even that would mean much. It means, first of all, doing what they are told and doing it because they are told. This has to do with discipline, and discipline involves obedience. It is a familiar theory that before one can ever be able to command he must first have learned to obey. This admits of no argument; it is a theory sound beyond all controversy.

And again, even beyond this, in addition to both the literal and the figurative interpretation of the phrase, the charge is of practical significance. In this country, in this age, people seem too universally to have one trait in common: they are restless. Or, to use a childish adjective, they are fidgety. This trait manifests itself in countless ways, but possibly one illustration will suffice. The stick-to-it-iveness, the capacity for application, the absorption of interest in one task

at a time, the adherence to one line of occupation, the merest contentment to live in one place even, and, beyond all, to stay at home—these seem to be lost arts.

What has come over our people that they crave change thus continually and are never happy save when they are going somewhere? Why must they always be going away: going away for the summer, going away for the winter, going away for the week-end, going South, going North, going to the city, going to the country, going to the seashore, going to the mountains, going to and fro about the earth, going everlastingly, hasting and never arriving, seeking and never attaining, rushing and never reposing? What is the cause of it? Where did the practice begin? Where does this propensity first show itself?

The cause lies deep hidden, maybe; but the custom itself lies on the very surface. It is one, moreover, a trait, a custom, a practice, a habit, what you will, that is amendable. It is one that can and ought to be condemned and counteracted. To this end there is at least one place, and that the most important place, in which training is possible. Go into the average schoolroom and,

as you are told to do at a railroad crossing, "stop, look, listen." There is the quiver of restlessness on every hand; there is the nervous tattoo of shod toes on the floor; there is the trembling clatter of pencils on slate or on paper or desktop; there are squirming bodies, roving eyes, wandering thoughts, fleeting attention and, above all, the bombardment of teacher with needless petitions. For the sake of self-control, of self-sufficiency, of simple sanity in the next generation, put a curb on this. Teach your children to sit still.

In the second place, teach them to think. As surely as they must learn to obey in order some day to command, so surely must they learn to think in order in future to know. They must learn how to think. They must learn the power of application, concentration, fixation of interest. This is not a native instinct; it is an acquired one. Even to want to do this they must be urged. To learn how to do it they must be taught.

This second injunction of course is allied to the first; it is a subordinate, at least an ancillary, part of it. Professor Mark Hopkins once said: "I would give three years of any young man's

college education for the ability to sit still and look for five minutes at the head of a tack." This is not easy to do. Concentration such as that supposes is not easily acquired. Nor is it alone children who do not possess this faculty. It is in childhood, however, that the habit can best be acquired, trained and cultivated.

Professional men, even of mature years, may seem to be, and think they are, the busiest men in town and yet leave their chiefest work undone. This is because they fritter away time running in circles around the borders of their task, attending to details and trifles, but never come down to the point and direct their first attention to the core and heart and center of that task. They busy themselves doing little and extraneous things until there is no strength and no time left for the important and essential one. The art of right selection and the power of concentration ought to be learned in the schoolroom. To think is to study and to study is to know; but there is no royal road to learning; there is no short cut to wisdom. To sing and to play and to drill and to dance, to be the "Leader of the outdoor line" or "Monitor of the gold-fish bowl" are all very

well and are in place as pleasures and as pastimes; but to learn how to study is the chief object and end and aim of their school days. Teach your children to think.

In the third and last place, I advise you to teach them to pray. Just so surely as children, whether of smaller or of larger growth, must learn to obey in order to command, and must learn to think in order to know, so surely must they be good in order to be great. Now, to be good, in any worthy sense, it is necessary in some sense, to be religious. Nor will any substitute avail for this. There are several phrases nowadays considered "catchy." And they do catch the unwary. One of these is "The Religion of Nature," as though there were anything in Nature's realm not thoroughly exploited in this manner and for this sole purpose centuries on centuries ago!

Yet another and a more enticing phrase is "The Religion of Democracy." A fetish is being made at present of "good citizenship." Instead of their church's Bible, we will have our children read their country's Constitution; instead of the Missal, the Prayer Book or Psalter, we will have

them study history, sing patriotic songs and salute the flag. Alas! They who counsel this, mistake effects for causes; they confuse an end with a beginning; they would build a structure from the roof downward, and not first from the foundation upward. You can make good citizens out of good men—but not vice versa. Because, in one order, the second proceeds from the first, you cannot reason that the order may be readily reversed. You cannot make good citizens out of bad men. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Out of nothing nothing comes. There is only one way to become great; that is, to begin by being good. Teach your children to say their prayers.

Let me close as I began, by congratulating you. As kindergartners, you are fortunate above all other kinds of teachers. You are favored in the fact that while you teach you will yourselves be taught. You may even possibly acquire more wisdom than you impart. While you mold their minds, in this their first development, these mentors of your conduct will teach you lessons profound. At least they will if you allow them. They will do it thoroughly and well. There are no such candid critics as small children; there

are no such monitors and censors. There is no reproof quite like their frown, no absolution like their smile of welcome and no benediction like the hand clasp of their confidence. If you keep an open mind and a tender heart, they will make you humble, keep you sane and give you courage. They will reprove and instruct, amuse and rejoice, enthuse and inspire you to better and still better living. You have chosen wisely your class motto. For are not these children "God's own best interpreters?"

CHAPTER VI

HEIRS APPARENT

University of Pennsylvania

*A Commencement Oration to the Graduating Class,
in the Academy of Music.*



UNFOLDING my theme, I have tried to do something like this. I have traced, first, the history by epochs of the geographical enlargement of this country. Next, I have rehearsed the names of those few men who were responsible for this: men who took a prophetic view of their country's possibilities. In the third place I have tried to show how the fortunes of this country are, in this generation especially, being committed in trust to the young men of this generation, and, because of their especial ability, especially to university men. And, lastly, I have tried to make real the burden of a few specific duties that devolve on those who have a kingship each for an inheritance.

HEIRS APPARENT

“Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine!”
—GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*.

Mr. Provost, Members of the Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen: for the honor of standing in your presence here to-day—which in very truth I count an honor—I can only say I thank you. On the honor you students have won for yourselves by completing your respective courses—which completion this day marks—I congratulate you. And, in that future course which shall be yours—that life-long course of life-work, of which this day marks the “commencement”—from my very heart I wish you well.

But now, having thus made my bow to you, and that in those three stereotyped expressions which long usage has rendered classic at such times as this, I confess my inability to proceed one step farther in fit phraseology. I cannot speak to you in phrases adequate to this occasion. No man ever can. There are no phrases adequate.

And yet, I must speak. If I were dumb I

would be driven to it; any man would be. If one could stand in the midst of this circle, here, and look into your faces, there; could estimate the labor that has led you to this day and the possibilities before you from this day; could reckon what this institution has done for you and what you are now prepared to do in consequence, he would be slow of heart indeed.

If one could think upon the institution itself—the dignity of its age, the splendor of its equipment, the wealth of its endowment, the ability of its faculty, the zeal of its provost and the personnel of its students—if any man, I say, could be so dead of heart that he could do all this and yet stand here and hold his peace, I think the very stones would cry out: Great is the University of Pennsylvania, and you, sirs, are its prophets.

But of what shall I speak? In casting about for a theme I have happened upon two things from which jointly has come a suggestion. The first is a copy of your annual catalogue. On one page of that catalogue I find a Geographical Summary of Students. And, in that Summary, I find this that strikes me with amazement: the unusually

wide range of places from which you have come. I note that there are 2700 of you, and that you have come, literally, from all corners of the earth. You are here not only—scarce half even—from the State of Pennsylvania, but from almost every State in the Union; from Connecticut and from California; from Delaware and from Dakota; from Massachusetts and from Minnesota; from Tennessee and from Texas. You are here also from almost every foreign land of any dignity; from Australia and from Mexico; from Bulgaria and from Brazil; from Spain, Sweden, Syria; from Germany and from Russia. Aye, too, and from the islands of the sea you've come; from Australia and New Zealand; from the East Indies and the West; from Costa Rica, Porto Rico, Cuba; from Honduras and Japan. That is one thing that impresses me.

But I have happened on another volume. On one page of it I find a "Roster of Alumni." And, in that roster also something strikes me with amazement: it is the correspondingly limited range of the district into which you will separate. I notice that comparatively few of those graduates who came from abroad have gone back whence

they came. They seem to have eaten the Lotus-food of something here which holds them on. All have scattered: so will you; but the limits of their hegiras are the bounds of this one country. They have studied many subjects and have gone forth to do various things. So of you. You have pursued courses in Arts, Science, Literature, Law, Medicine, Mechanics. You will go forth to labor, to study, to speak and to write; to make fresh discoveries in laboratories, to add new volumes to libraries, to try cases in court, to fight fevers, build bridges and run railroads; but you will do these things mainly in America. My thought, therefore, is of you as choice University men about to become leading American citizens.

First, will you listen to the story of your nation's growth. I would not offend your pride nor insult your teachers, by presenting this to your study as new history. You know it already. I would but rehearse it. You know that the territory of the Thirteen Colonies, embraced under the Federal Constitution, at the date of that Constitution's adoption in 1783, was a narrow little strip of land, the width of which was the distance only from the Eastern Seaboard to the Appalachian Chain.

You know that the main additions to this have been, roughly speaking, six.

You know that the first of these was by the Ordinance of 1787, that ordinance which amounted virtually to a secondary constitution, by which the several colonies ceded to the Federal Government the Northwest Territory—that triangular territory lying between the Ohio, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River, comprising to-day the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

You know that, in 1803, the purchase was made, for \$15,000,000, of that 900,000 square miles of land which, by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, France had given to Spain, which by another treaty, in 1801, Spain had given back to France, and which, because it offered a menace to his plans at home, Napoleon was willing to deed to us “forever and in sovereignty,” that vast territory stretching from the Mississippi River to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the border line of Canada, a territory as large as England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Germany, The Netherlands, Italy and Switzerland all combined.

You know that, in 1819, the trouble which had arisen a few years earlier from certain vigorous proceedings on the part of American citizens in the Southern Peninsula, where the Spaniards either could not or would not keep the Seminoles in order, was adjusted by the purchase of Florida from Spain for \$5,000,000—that tract extending off toward Cuba which someone of his day prophetically called: “The Index Forefinger of the Continent.”

You know that, in 1845, Texas was annexed, having achieved its independence in the defeat of Santa Anna, in 1836, and having continued thereafter in separate civic entity as “The Lone Star State.” You know that, in 1846, Oregon, although held by us conjointly with Great Britain ever since 1818, had its boundary line determined by treaty with England—that land projected on a scale commensurate in size with its own mountains, rivers and forests. You know that, in 1848, California, upon the concluding of peace with Mexico, was had by us for an indemnity of \$15,000,000.

You know, too, of course, how that such a rapid unrolling of such an enormous scroll would

naturally leave certain creases in the map to be uncrumpled and certain sharp corners and crooked edges to be clipped and straightened. And you know the ways in which this was done, where and when and by whom. You know how that, in 1814, the famous "We have met the enemy . . ." incident, on Lake Erie, and the repulse of England's veterans of Napoleonic battles at New Orleans together resulted in the Treaty of Ghent—that treaty which fixed the pole of the map permanently at The Lakes and let it drop straight to the Gulf.

You know of the buying in of Connecticut's Western Reserve of 5000 acres; of the work of the corps of Government surveyors, organized in 1785, in running base lines, ranges and townships; of the settlement, in 1846, of the "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" controversy by drawing the 49th parallel; of the Ashburton Treaty, in 1842, the Palo Alto incident in '46 and the Gadsden Purchase in '53.

But these are mere details. The main steps were those six. When once Empire had arisen where the sun descends, it stepped, as with the seven-league boots of Poseidon, first to the Alle-

ghanies, then to the Ohio, then to the Mississippi, then to the Rockies, then to the Sierra Nevadas and then to the Coast. It was a development unparalleled in all human annals, resulting in a nation of colossal proportions, but still a nation; a plural unit with one constitution, one race, one language, one liberty, one aim and one destiny.

But all this did not do itself. Therefore, I would rehearse to you, as in a second group, the names of the men who did it. They were men truly possessed of second sight and that of extraordinary quality. Their greatness appears greatest to-day just in proportion as they stood out in opposition to their own contemporaries. For they not only saw far ahead of their time, but they had to contend for their vision.

For example, in 1780, in a discussion of the Question of the Public Lands, Lord Hillsborough scouted the idea that there would ever be salable land "At the back of Virginia." It was Thomas Paine who was, strangely enough, among the prophets, who replied: "Sir, I tell you that the map-makers may as well sharpen their tools; for there is going to be work for them to do."

I would remind you how, in contrast to those at

home who deprecated the proceeding, there stands out the splendid diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and John Adams, our negotiators abroad, in securing for us that imperial domain, the Northwest Territory, when the treaty with Great Britain was drawn in 1783.

I would remind you how, when Talleyrand urged upon Spain the relinquishment of Louisiana and Florida, proposing to make of them "A wall forever impenetrable to the combined efforts of England and America," Thomas Jefferson saw in their possession the chance for ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon race on the Western Hemisphere. And when he began by seeking merely a shipping port, there were those who objected to his paying even \$2,000,000 for it. But he saw "in that Mobile Country a commercial *entrepôt* for all the commodities of the interior." When he asked for this single port and had an empire thrust upon him, such men as White and Pickering and Tracy objected, with one voice, in public debate in the Senate, to "the payment of \$15,000,000 for a wilderness" (about 2½ cents an acre). But he saw that the Mississippi River ought to be controlled throughout its entire length by one

Nation; saw, too, that to delay would be to put the whole acquisition to hazard; so he bought it, on his own responsibility, even though to do so he had to desert his strict Constructionist Theory and venture upon an exercise of power as bold as Hamilton's assumption of state debts. This step was so important that the following four seem now to be only the natural corollaries of it. But think of the opposition these met, step by step; of the narrowness of view of all those who opposed these subsequent additions and of the keener foresight of the few who urged them.

For example, in 1825, Mr. Smyth, of Virginia, declared in the House of Representatives that the limits of the Federation could not safely be extended beyond "those stony mountains." He would not object to one or two tiers of states beyond the Mississippi; but no farther. Others following him agreed with him. But, while some were prophesying that the East would be depopulated by emigration to free farms, and while others were becoming terrified lest mere extent of territory would rend the republic apart and set up separate nations, it was Andrew Jackson, the first American citizen who ever crossed the Alleghanies to take

his seat in the White House, who saw that the very pride of empire was the one thing that would hold those states together.

Again when, later, Mr. Dickinson, of New Jersey, was pronouncing the idea absurd that Oregon could ever be of use, his argument being that it would take thirteen months—more than a year—merely to travel from there to Washington to sit in an annual session of Congress, and while one, Senator MacDuffe, of South Carolina, was standing on the floor of the Senate, publicly “Thanking Almighty God that He had at least placed the Rocky Mountains where they were to prevent foolhardy venturers from ever going farther,” Shaw and Parkman were crossing “The Oregon Trail.” It was the report which they brought back of what they had seen there, that enthused Daniel Webster to urge the retention of that land against Great Britain’s claims and saved to us from her the whole Pacific Slope.

And as there were incidental facts above, so here to make this list complete, one would have to call the honor roll of a long list of minor statesmen. He would have to speak of the wholesome influence of Albert Gallatin and Fisher Ames in producing

a broad outlook early; of the part of Pinckney and Nathan Dale in drawing their famous "Ordinance"; of Madison's work as Secretary of State, and of Hamilton's service, when Secretary of the Treasury, in construing the Elastic Clause of the Constitution; of the finesse of Monroe in dealing with Marbois; of Livingston in dealing with Talleyrand; of John Quincy Adams's controversy with the Duke of Richelieu; of the part of Calhoun and Benton; of all those, in fact, who were bold enough to bid farewell forever to the idea of Montesquieu that "A republic can exist only in a small territory."

And there were others of a wholly different class. The fact is that, in the eye of History, statesmen and diplomatists often usurp more than their proper share of compliment. In reality they only bring to a conclusion movements started by adventurous spirits before them. I would pause to pay a tribute to all those—adventurers, discoverers, explorers, settlers—those who cut the trails across the continent and set up stakes to which others reached forth, and by which they drew themselves on.

I have in mind the work of Daniel Boone, in

1769, the first man who ever lead a body of settlers to establish a community completely cut off from the Seaboard Colonies. I am thinking of General Rufus Putnam who crossed the Ohio, in 1788, and who, in believing that others would follow, was as bold as Columbus the day he put forth from Palos. I have in mind George Rogers Clark's conquest of the Illinois; in 1778—the young explorer sent out by Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia. I am thinking of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who, in 1805, reached the source of the Mississippi, settled there and became the precursor of the famous Rocky Mountain Men. I would remind you of the expedition of Lewis and Clark, sent out by Jefferson, in 1804, to explore Oregon, which exploration formed a strong link in our claim to that land later.

While time would fail me to tell of Hamilton and Robertson; of Isaac Shelby and Simeon Kenton; of John Sevier and Anthony Wayne and of their valor at Marietta and Vincennes, at Muskingum and the Great Kanawha, at Kings Mountain and the Fallen Timbers. Nor would time alone, but words, fail me to tell of those who followed these; the great deeds done in the conquest

of the wilderness by that race of restless and intrepid pioneers who, with the gunsmith and the saddler for their only outfitters; with the sun for their guide by day and the sky for their tent by night; with instinct for a guide and high hope for a canopy, moved westward, ever westward, fighting climate and disease, the wild beasts of the forests and its wilder human denizens; who drove that enemy—the Frontier—from one ocean clear to the other, until to-day they have set looms and anvils in the haunts and lairs of beasts, until cities are reared in the bosom of solitude itself, and quarter-sections have been staked for sale above old Indian graves.

And there were other factors still—commercial factors—in producing this great change. On that day, in 1806, when Pike sighted that giant peak which has served as a magnet to draw adventurous spirits ever since; on that day, in 1848, when James Marshall picked up that pebble in the race-way of Sutter's Mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento, a discovery which set up such a peaceful migration as the world had never seen; on that day when Fairweather and Edgar made their strike in Alder Gulch, the thing that

put Montana on the map; on that day, in 1869, when the rails of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads met at Promontory Point, completing the first of those mighty highways that have quickened every movement of commercial enterprise and social intercourse, there and then, on those days and in those places, was history made. The whole is a long story, but it is full of charm; for it is the story of those who went forth in faith; who quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight, put to flight the armies of aliens. Which things declare plainly that they sought a country. That is, a better one. They sought it and they found it.

There it is, gentlemen. Look at it. Your country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Lakes, those mighty inland seas, to the Gulf, itself a minor ocean; and from the farthest bourne "Where rolls the Oregon" to that borderland where "Scratches don't count, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande," the map is an integer. In form it surpasses the original conception as the bending sky surpasses in majesty the clouds that drift beneath it. In size it has three and a half

or more million square miles, an area surpassing that of Rome in the period of its greatest grandeur; aye, greater than all the walks, the private arbors and the new-planted orchards this side Tiber. There it is. And it is yours; yours by inheritance; left to you by those who planned, projected, settled it—to you as to their heirs forever. What a heritage!

But, softly, now. For here we have come to the point—that point to which the others all are ancillary. Bequeathed? . . . by those before you? . . . who were great in that they could see things before they came to pass? Yes. But bequeathed for what? Mere common pleasure grounds in which to walk abroad and recreate yourselves? Ah, that's the point. It is bequeathed in trust. Your country's very greatness, therefore, ought to excite more anxiety than pride. It is at the price of such solicitude alone that you can have the legacy.

For this legacy is of such a kind that it is given simply to those who can receive it. There are certain things that must be done. They must be done by those who are most fit to do them. And the persons thus best fitted, by accident

and training, would seem to be you—University men. The things to be done are not the same in kind as those that have been done; but they are full as important. Not yours is it to do the same things those before you did; but to make what they did worth the doing. To be specific, I can think of three things you must do, or, rather, be; three views that you must take of the situation that confronts you; three points of view, rather, from which you must regard your heritage in order to inherit it.

First, I would urge you to take a large view of your country's possibilities; to be credulous of its future. While this continent was unknown, imagination peopled it with strange creatures and filled it with a wealth immeasurable. It was the Orient; in it were Elixir and the Philosopher's Stone; El Dorado, Coronado, Bonanza, Cibola and the Seven Cities. Now that it has been explored, the facts outrun all former fancies. Its size, its wealth, its growth are fairly fabulous. Its area, doubled and quadrupled many times; its population, multiplied one hundred fold in just about one hundred years; its national wealth of full a hundred billion dollars—why, these things put

the legends of mythology to shame. Regarding details here, if this were the time and place to quote you figures one could make you blind. But this is not my purpose. What I would remind you of is this: that it is a peculiarity of men who live in any age of wonders always to think that wonders cease with them.

The corrective of this, in your case, lies in realizing how brief has been the period in which this great development has come; how great is the impetus with which that development is still moving on, and how wide are the fields, and how rich the resources yet unsettled and undeveloped. When you realize that your population of a hundred millions can become a thousand millions without crowding; that not only two, but a hundred blades of grass can be made to grow for every one now growing, and that increase of wealth and power just seem to have no limits, then

“Oh, my friends! Thank your God, if you have one, that He

’Twixt the old world and you fixed the gulf of a sea.

Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as
your pines,
And by the scale of a hemisphere shape your
designs."

Secondly, I beg you to take a balanced view; to avoid provincialism. Mr. Emerson once remarked: "I call him a great man who has only to open his eyes to see things in a clear light, in right relation and in due perspective." This is certainly a mark of greatness; but it is a mark as rare in possession as it is distinctive in quality. Not to see things thus is to be provincial. And it is to be feared that of such provincialism these Eastern States of ours, especially their cities, are most full. At the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Pacific University in Oregon a year or so ago, the orator of the day startled the press by declaring that: "It is the residents of the Far East who are provincial, and those of the Far West who are really cosmopolitan." In large measure he was right.

Provincialism is not a thing, but a way of looking at things. Cosmopolitanism is not a manner of wearing clothes or of pronouncing words, but

a recognition of the fact that other persons elsewhere have qualities which, though different from one's own, are just as valuable. In that sense the "Big Four Eastern Seaboard Cities" are the most provincial places in the country. In each of them there is a class of persons who deck themselves with complacency as with a garment; stay at home, or, if they travel, go abroad; know their London as a Londoner knows his Paris, but know practically nothing of their own country. Knowing nothing of it they think of it and its people as, at best, big but ungainly; alert, but uncultured; self-conscious, but not self-contained; honest and manly, but utterly vulgar.

The only cure for this is travel. There is no other way to gain any conception of the size of this country, the wealth of its resources, the variety of its products and the virility and versatility of its people so effectual as to ride across it and look at it from a car window. Do this. You will find expanses of fertile land vaster and more vast than the wastes that Mazeppa rode over. You will find mountains in which, as in treasure houses, there are stored riches beyond human compare. You will find "rivers as wide as your lordly Delaware

is long." You will find that tract of 67,000,000 acres—one mighty farm—between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, yielding agricultural products to the value of one thousand million dollars a year, and livestock worth as many millions more. You will find the land which Napoleon hoped to make feed little San Domingo now become the garden of the continent, the undisputed granary of the world. You will note how the transcontinental railways, with their 37,000 miles of lines, have bridged magnificent distances, have abolished the wilderness, are sweeping Pike's and Long's Great American Desert off the map, and are drawing the valleys of the Columbia and the Sacramento into the circle of the world's activities and interests. You will find, too, how seaports from San Diego to Seattle are drawing the center of the country's population, which in 1789, was twenty-five miles east of Baltimore, steadily westward with an almost uniform rate, until it will soon have moved half-way from New York harbor and the Golden Gate.

Do you realize at all how rapidly things are changing, or how far that change has gone already? Do you realize that the population of six Western

States has practically doubled in a dozen years? Do you know that one of the "Garden Counties" of the country is in the erstwhile desert of the State of Utah? Do you know that the fourth State to-day, in order of population, is the State of Texas? Do you know that in the matter of material structure and physical environment those Western cities, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, are more beautiful than any half a dozen cities in the Eastern States, and that they are the homes of the most highly developed manufacturing activities, as well?

Or, in other matters, do you know that in point of freedom from crime the list of American towns is headed by one in Kansas; that in freedom from illiteracy it is headed by one in Nebraska? Do you know that the plans of Denver's High School buildings have been copied for use in the construction of university buildings in Berlin? Do you know that the late Charles A. Dana pronounced Mr. Harvey Scott, of the Portland *Oregonian* "One of the greatest three American editors?" Do you know that, with one exception, every President elected since Buchanan—Lincoln, Grant,

Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley—have come from the Mississippi Valley? Gentlemen! Gentlemen! It is narrowness of vision which fails to see that there are qualities of manhood quite as fine and quite as vital in the West as in the East. Denial of this or ignorance of it is provincialism which out-Englands England. I pray you, avoid it.

In the third place, I beg you to take what I can call by no better name than a fair view. Perhaps I can best make plain to you what I mean by quoting Cromwell's famous exhortation to his troops: "I beseech you, brethren, by the tender mercies of the Lord, that ye conceive it possible that sometimes ye might be mistaken." I am moved to plead this point because of the way to-day so many men seem prone to approve, on the other hand, Decatur's famous sentiment "My country; right or wrong." It is possible that at times your country may be wrong. There have been times when it has been wrong. It is the part of greatness at such times to see this and to admit it.

There have been such times in every country, and the great men of every land have been those

who were great enough to confess it. Did not such patriots as Burke and Chatham protest against the war of England with her American Colonies? Did not Lord Salisbury say that: "In going into the Crimean War for the support of Turkish despotism, England put her money on the wrong horse?" Did not such men as Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce and Sir William Vernon Harcourt protest against South African War, deprecating its origin and criticizing its course? And did not all the best men in the United States, including Mr. Lincoln, protest throughout against the War with Mexico? I beg you, take a fair view. You can do this only by studying your country's history. And, in that study, you must go to original sources—to documents and state papers. Do this. Do it with a desire, not to justify your country's actions, but to weigh them. Thus, and thus only, will you avoid Dr. Johnson's opprobrium: "Patriotism? The last refuge of a scoundrel."

To summarize these three points. First, be credulous; that is, take a large view of your country's future possibilities. To do this, learn your country. And, to learn it, travel over it.

Secondly, do not be provincial. Take a balanced view of all its parts and its peculiarities. To do this, you must realize that different qualities of manhood have the same degree of excellence. Thirdly, be fair-minded. And to this end study your country's history with a fair and open mind.

Bear with me one moment more. In exactly the same way that the course of empire, having trod thus rapidly across a continent, seems to have found itself unable to stop, even at the ocean, but has staggered on that ocean's brink and had to set one foot across, so, borne on by the very momentum of my theme, I cannot stop here. I must follow one step farther. In addition to the three I have cited, there is one other element of manhood you must have if you are to emulate those who have bequeathed all this to you. Let me put it bluntly thus: In addition to being credulous, well-balanced and fair-minded, you must be good.

Apart from all cant speech concerning it, and in spite of much hypocrisy and insincerity, the old, old proverb still is true that: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." There was once a man sent from God

whose name was George Washington. From his "Farewell Address" you recall these words: "Whatever may be conceded of the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, Reason and Experience both do teach that, of the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are its indispensable supports."

It is true that you are the heirs of the traditions and fortunes of a world-mastering race. It was your ancestors who, eighteen centuries ago, in the Teutonberg Forests under Arminius, destroyed Varus and his army and drove the Romans out of Germany. It was the descendants of Rome's conquerors—the Angles, Saxons and Jutes—who in the fifth century landed in England and pushed to one side the Celts. It was those victors' descendants who landed at Jamestown and Plymouth, in the seventeenth century, exterminated the Indians or brushed them out of their path, held the Spaniards at bay at the South, helped England to drive the French out of Canada and then drove England out. Since that day their march has continued, without retreat or reverse—majestic, tremendous, triumphant—westward.

Incidentally, it is true that new-created wealth has flowed back in currents that have enriched those Eastern States which in the beginning constituted this Nation; but only incidentally. For what has made the Nation great has never been acquiring territory for itself, but for the sake of civilization and in the interest of Humanity. Will this go on? That depends upon you. We have happened upon stirring times. Strange things are happening. New nations are awakening, and an awakened nation always moves. Heretofore it has always moved westward; it might move eastward.

There are also certain ugly things happening at home—in politics, in finance, in society. If there is in sight a "Yellow Peril," it is because of things like these that it appears. The peril is not that Mongolian races may possibly overrun Caucasian lands—that has happened before in history. It is in the possible triumph of a lower civilization over a higher one, and that because the guardians of the stronger have allowed it to sink and become the weaker. Just so surely as this whole round world is bound with golden chains about the feet of God, so surely is the measure of

a nation's strength the measure of that nation's virtue. And just so surely as by a simple principle of hydrostatics, the water in a single test-tube measures the pressure of that in the whole ocean, so individual morality is always the measure of national morality.

“The stake is laid, O gallant youth, with yet
 unsilvered brow!
If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,
On whom shall be the mortal sin
That wails at last: ‘It might have been.’”

CHAPTER VII

THE CHEMISTRY OF SOULS

Philadelphia College of Pharmacy

A Baccalaureate Sermon to a Graduating Class of this Institution



OF the pages of this volume, half are purposely allotted to Addresses, Speeches and Orations; the remaining half, six other chapters, are that many Baccalaureate Sermons. The one following will be remembered by one class of students from the heat of a torrid hot Sunday in June. Inasmuch as each class of this home college has come to this church for a similar service annually now for fifteen years, I have naturally told them by this time all I know about Pharmacy. That is why I have held this year the more closely to Religion. The same sermon has been preached twice elsewhere, to Medical Schools and as many other times to graduating classes of Trained Nurses.

THE CHEMISTRY OF SOULS

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Romans viii., 16.

Young Gentlemen, Graduates, Students, Professors, Alumnæ: This is by no means the first year you have done us the honor and given us the pleasure of coming here for service on this Sunday of your graduation week. Each year we are, if possible, more glad to have you than the year before. I only wish there was good ground to hope that each year you were being repaid in the same increasing ratio by the graduating scale in quality of the preaching.

The feeling of one who stands in the pulpit and looks toward the pews to-day is a mixed feeling. There are in this feeling two elements: there is much pleasure and as much regret. It is pleasant beyond words to look out over a congregation so large as this in which the majority

is one of men over women: it is with regret one realizes that this is not always so. Is there any reason for this—other than the patent one that there are more women in the world than men, and consequently that more always are in evidence?

Ah, yes. The fact is sterner and its import deeper than one to be either denied or derided. Is there any valid reason for it? And, even beyond general reasons, to be quite specific, is there any reason why men of your own and allied professions, doctors, chemists, druggists, physicians, pathologists, pharmacists, least of all men, go to church? This is about the situation. This has been almost your status as mere students: it is likely to become still more so when you become druggists. At the outset, therefore, at this your Commencement time, I want to talk this whole thing out with you. Why do you not go to church? Or, if that is not a flat enough way to put it, Why are you not more religious?

I think there are several minor reasons, and then one main one. The minor are the ones you give, both to yourselves and to others; the major, the real one, is one you never give. It is one mayhap that you do not even know.

The first, most common answer is: "I do not go to church because I haven't time." And there's much truth in that. Proverbially, the world throughout, apothecaries have to serve the sick on Sundays. But, if it is really true that you are entering a business in which you will be too busy to say your prayers, you had better get out of that business before you get into it.

Another reason is: "I do not go to church because I do not like the preaching. The preachers of the present day seem to me to be both stupid and stubborn. They do not know the things we students know and are determined not to learn. We are living in a new age of new knowledge. And they deliberately decline to correlate their doctrines with our new discoveries. Their preaching, consequently, is both puerile and commonplace." There is only one way for me to meet that thrust; that is, by what the lawyers call confession and avoidance.

There is still another reason, weightier because more deeply grounded in the facts, yet not weighty enough. The facts are these. You are compelled to deal with humanity, to so large an extent, under the most unattractive conditions. You

know most about people when they are sick. The repellent features of sickness and death detract in your eyes from the sacredness, the beauty, the nobility of life. You are apt to become in consequence blasé.

Again, you come so near to holding in your hands at times the very issues of life and of death that, dwelling on the thought of human skill and human knowledge, you put out of mind the thought of divine aid or agency or disposition. You do not intend to do this: the thing seems just to do itself.

And, yet again, you know so much regarding artificial ways of bringing about states that simulate emotions that you become skeptical of anything that seems to base itself, in last analysis, in the emotions. These facts are causes which produce a state of mind. It is merely a mood, or attitude. You fall into a mood not so much irreligious as just unreligious.

These foregoing, then, are the minor reasons I spoke of: there is still a major one. Most of you go farther than this—and, alas, fare worse. Because of your dealings with matter you are likely to become materialists. Your whole life's task

consists in dealing with matter, and in dealing with it, too, in special and peculiar ways. You deal in particles and minutiae; you analyze substances to their farthest dividing point and you combine them again by fixed rules of proportion. You work with exactitude and precision.

The point is, you do everything by fixed laws. There must be no mistake in the conditions and there can be no uncertainty in the result. There is no room for conjecture and no place for guesswork. You act upon knowledge and not by faith. And you abhor a mystery as Nature does a vacuum. When you stand over your crucible and mortar and retort and test-tube, when you see the strange things that go on there, you seem to be watching the work of creation itself and—meanwhile mistaking, I feel sure, mere effects for causes—to see a creation which needs no Creator.

Now, let us look at this for a moment. To me all this would seem to tend in the very opposite direction. Far from being rendered callous, flip-pant, blasé, skeptical or irreligious by the things I see in Nature, I am given pause in all my thinking. I am rendered sober, thoughtful, fearful, almost, at the awful earnestness of it all; aye, at

the very mystery of it. When even I, a merest tyro, contemplate the marvels in the field you work in, I can only gaze in wonder. I gaze and I wonder until I begin to adore. When I gain even a little text-book knowledge, hear certain definitions and discover a few fixed and fearful laws; when I hear of compounds and elements, molecules and atoms, ions and electrons; when you tell me about radio-activity, and the periodic law; I feel that every commonest thing I handle is obeying laws that are as stern as destiny—laws, too, that rule my destiny.

Moreover, when I discover that the laws of matter and of motion are the same in every part of space; that chemical, physical, electrical phenomena are constant and unvarying, consistent as far as discernible everywhere, whether in the flame of a Bunsen burner in a laboratory on North Tenth Street or in the whitest heated speck of nebula millions of light-miles away, I am surprised, startled, appalled. As Mr. John Fiske somewhere says: "When one reaches that degree of intelligence where he can understand that the whole universe, from the sands upon the seashore to the suns that throng the Milky Way,

is intensely real, and that he is a part of that reality, a factor in its creation and an agent in its direction, the conviction of the seriousness of his every thought and the consequences of his every act is enough to sober any man and make him feel that life is real, life is earnest."

Are you materialists? Then, so am I. But, instead of that taking aught from my devoutness, it only adds to it. I am so dazed and mystified that I cannot stop there. I must go you one better. While I gaze on matter thus, itself becomes a spirit. Nor am I alone in this. On all hands to-day, amazement at the newly-discovered properties of matter outflanks the onslaught of the old crass form of Materialism, so called, in all our thinking. The New Materialism is so much better than the Old Idealism that it, in its turn, has become an Idealism of its own and is in all things Spiritual.

When one enters your field of study, passes the verge even of the field at large of Science, a field including so many special fields each carefully defined, named, circumscribed and eulogized, the thing he first expects to be impressed by is the exactness, the reliability, the cold, hard

logic, the mathematical certainty, the clear appar-
ency of everything that goes on there. He is
in search of facts and feels he has no need of
faith. He goes after certitude; he will take with
him no credulity. He is clear-headed, cold-
blooded, cold-hearted if you will. He is a ration-
alist, not a mystic. He will learn all things; he
will believe in nothing. Everything that he finds
here he expects will be reasonable, understandable,
believable.

Now, as a matter of fact, the thing that really
does impress one in this realm is the profound
mystery, the sheer unreasonableness, the utter
unbelievableness of the facts, features and pro-
cesses that one meets with, happens on, or sets in
motion. Even common observation provides il-
lustrations here. I walk out into the country, for
example, and I see a line of copper wire hanging
from a series of supports. It seems to have no
power nor force nor art to produce motion. Yet,
while I look, I see a car weighing a dozen tons
come into sight propelled at forty miles an hour
beneath that wire—propelled by some power in it
I cannot see. This seems unreasonable. Yet, as
a reality, it is the merest commonplace.

Or I walk the deck of an ocean steamer and look about in all directions, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. The vessel is out of sight of land, out of the horizon-circled range of vision of passing ships even, surely out of reach and touch of everything and everybody and, if ever human sense taught common sense, there is here no earthly means of getting news from home or sending messages without a messenger. But lo, the while I am reflecting on this certainty, and definitely determining this impossibility, I am handed a wireless telegram, in name as strange anomaly as in fact it is a marvel beyond all belief.

Or I turn from the field of mere observation to the still more mystic realm of hard research. I learn somewhat of the "Three Entities"—Matter, Ether and Energy. I had supposed that matter was substance; it becomes plain that it is not. I supposed it was material; it seems rather to be only motion, or at best only material in motion. I am told of the Conservation of Energy and the Correlation of Forces. I discover that, just as you can turn snow into ice and ice into water and water into steam and the whole thing back again into water, and have precisely the same quantity

left at the last as at first, so you can turn heat into power, power into motion, motion into electricity, electricity into light, changing thus the form of force or energy and maybe dissipating its units, some of them, off to the ends of the universe, but that you cannot by any possibility annihilate it or destroy it.

And then you tell me about Ether: tell me that this planet, with its neighbors, with the suns and stars and constellations, is floating in an ocean which no man can see but which is as vast as the realm of space itself, an ocean which is not wet but dry, something more translucent than air yet which is not an airy thing but a solid, a substance so thin that light waves tremble through it at the rate of a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, yet so dense in other ways that it is as impenetrable as a wall of granite! Now, what can I make of that? You teach me facts that sound like fiction; you impart such knowledge as sounds more like faith; until my head fairly goes round with thinking on seemingly senseless, irrational, and unbelievable facts—which yet are facts.

Moreover, of all the strange things in this whole strange realm, the strangest, I have thought

are those in your especial field, in chemistry and pharmacy. When you take up your test-tube and blow-pipe, your tables of elements and formulæ of abstracts, use solvents and bases and get reactions and precipitates, observe crystallization and immiscibility, you seem to be an operative in the very factory in which worlds have been made and are still being made. Out from the night of the unknown, strange knowledge comes to meet you. It is strange because its factors are so incompatible and contradictory.

You tell me about CH_4 which is "Fire-Damp," yet which is neither fire nor is it damp, which will explode but will not burn, which will poison me but which I cannot either see or taste or feel. You tell me about HCl which if you sell you must label a "Poison"; yet which, am I right in saying, is found in the normal human body? In other words, does it take a poison to preserve life? You tell me about Carbon Dioxide, made up of two things which severally minister to life, yet which in combination will tend unto death. And then the strange perversity of all law and all reason in the matter of poisons and antidotes! If I swallow by accident Phosphorus, which is deadly poison,

it will kill me; unless I take one even more deadly, Copper Sulphate, which will save my life. But no sooner do I learn this than I must forget it, lest in case I swallow Silver Nitrate I should not know to combat its ill effects with common salt, which is an antidote, yet not a poison.

And so on and on. But enough! I must not multiply at more length illustrations which all illustrate one point. That point, let me repeat, is this. When I observe the workings of Nature's forces; when I hear a scientific definition; most of all, when I dip into your pharmacopœia, the thing I am impressed by is, not the plain, hard, common-sense matter-of-factness of what I see and learn, but by the deep, the profound mystery, the all but unsearchable depths of the thing that you delve in. At this point I come to my thesis. It is here that this argument begins to be a sermon. And the argument is one by analogy. Somewhere I have heard, have not you, of the Riches of God, with that same definitive and adjective. And likewise somewhere I have read, in the words of a reverent saint that, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness."

To proceed one step further, to establish this

analogy and to attempt to prove my thesis, I must repeat a text, the very reading of which puts the thesis into words so well that I need hardly press my point perhaps with further illustration. "The Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." That is the text: the illustration is this. It is something than which nothing else perhaps in experimental science so strikes the imagination. I refer to the feat in chemistry or pharmacy of obtaining out of two separate elements a new product which bears no resemblance, either in its appearance or its properties, to its progenitors. The question rises: is it possible that divinity may so act upon humanity as to produce a "New Creature"?

When, for example, the combining equivalents of Sodium and Chlorine are brought together, we see these two elements disappear and a third something, which we know as common salt, take their place. Do we have here something more than a mere illustration? Is it not the case that "The original qualities of a man's character, likewise struck upon by some influence from without, unthought of by himself, combine with this new element to produce a human result as different

from the first as water is different from either the Hydrogen or the Oxygen out of whose union it has been formed"? As students of pharmacy, your whole course of study had been the reading of one long story, the story of that perpetual transformation, in which, under the action of chemical affinities, matter is ever changing its shape, dropping old powers and qualities and taking on new. The question I ask, therefore, is whether a precisely similar law is not discernible in the inner life; whether, in short, there is not a chemistry of the soul with its law of combining proportions and consequent disappearances and transformations. (I quote this illustration and some of these words from one, Professor Brierley.)

At least this is certainly true in many of the commonest affairs of daily life, in many everyday experiences. It is apparent that what things are in themselves is nothing: it is what they are in relation to men that counts. For example, one walks through a city and observes its buildings. What are they? So much stone and lime, iron and timber? If that were all they would not be buildings, but heaps. The structures are, in fact, embodied ideas, the ideas of the architect, the

contractor, the artist who constructed and embellished them. Besides, some of these buildings have more in them than that. Here, for example, is the house in which the beholder was born. He returns from far pilgrimage in the world, stands within what once was his old home, on the worn hearthstone, and what is it causes his heart to throb and his eye to moisten? The house is what it is to him because it is rich with deposits from the unseen. It is saturated with the inner life of those whom he loved and who are gone. The dull matter has become beautiful and sacred from its alliance with an interpenetration by spirit.

As well is this true also in more personal and vital ways. It is not without significance that Cupid is pictured as possessed of a bow and a quiver of arrows. Something may come into life, new and curious, shot as it were from some point at a distance. And it strikes—so I am told—deeply, and works transformation—so I have observed—radical and lasting. Nothing more telling could be cited, perhaps, by way of illustrating the concordance of an outside impact with an inner power of response.

Now this is true also in religion. In fact, just this is religion. Thinkers from the earliest ages have tried to trace a correspondency between the two realms of the inner and the outer in the midst of which we stand. As man and nature are studied more thoroughly in our day so much the more is the impression growing on us that the pulsations of the human spirit are an answer to the pulse which throbs through the outer world.

Of all outside solvent and transforming forces the most stupendous is the Spirit of God as it strives with the Spirit of Man. Man may become a new creature by union with a spiritual power which waits to combine with him. "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

CHAPTER VIII

PRIVILEGE OF THE STRONG

Bryn Mawr College

A Sermon Preached to Women—Graduates and Undergraduates and Teachers



NOBODY listens to sermons in quite the same way that students listen. They are in the habit, from very custom, of being deferent to anybody who presumes to teach; but they are also in the habit of doing their own thinking the while they are listening. For this reason, no one can coerce their judgment, over-ride opinion, or in any manner be dogmatic in speaking to them. He can only tell them what he thinks. If to them it seems thinkable, they will thank him for stating forth their thoughts for them in a straight line. If not, they will make no pretense. They will remain unmoved. They will wish he would stop and go home. And, by their attitude, they will make all this plain.

PRIVILEGE OF THE STRONG

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Romans xv., 1.

Young Ladies: I think I need not consume time, even for the length of a sentence, in saying that I am glad to be here. I truly am. I account it a great honor to be asked to speak here upon any theme, especially so upon a religious theme. Any man would. But, too, any man who is as modest as he ought to be would be embarrassed. He would feel himself one moment rushing to his task and the next moment shrinking from it. For, on the one hand, college folk are so eager in their listening to any speech on any subject; on the other hand, they are so critical in passing judgment upon what they hear. Their method in the chapel is their class-room method elsewhere.

Above all else, a speaker here cannot take refuge

under any trick of rhetoric or shield himself behind a flow of oratory. He must come out into the open and speak plainly. He must also face certain facts and speak frankly. This is why I am pausing thus long in my preface. I would like to make plain, first, how I wish to speak; and, secondly, just what I want to speak about. The time is so short that I want to pack as many thoughts into the space allotted as is possible. In order to do this, I want to construct a piece of hard, cold logic.

I have something in mind which ought to take easily the form of an argument. It involves a series of points. I want to try and build these in a sequence. If this course of reasoning shall seem sound, I want then, without exhortation, to leave the points to preach their own sermon. Of course, I realize that this is not ordinarily a safe method in preaching. It is seldom a wise method in preaching to women. But you are not ordinary women. You are college women.

To my sermon then. The text I have just read is in the words, presumably, of St. Paul. Inasmuch, however, as I am speaking to students, let me state a paraphrase of the same passage in

a quotation from that which is all students' most admired manual: the words of the Duke of Vienna in *Measure for Measure*.

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Go not forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

The reason I choose this for my theme is the following. I have always heard that the aim of Bryn Mawr is, among all women's colleges, distinctly scholastic. I have also often heard that such a college has a way of unsettling students' faith religiously. Let me try for a moment, therefore, to relate scholastic learning to religious faith. In the argument of which I spoke, the points are these: First, an ideal course of education ought to make students strong religiously as well as intellectually. Secondly, the result of higher education is, too often, the weakening of students' faith instead. Thirdly, where the former is the result, because of that very result

there is an obligation resting on the strong, an obligation toward the weak. Just what is this obligation? And just how best can it be discharged?

I have often noticed what seem to me to be three types of college graduates. There is a threefold classification which I believe is all-inclusive. It includes, in some one of its groups, all educated persons. First, there are those whose college education has had no effect upon their faith. They have come out of college just as they went in. They are tranquil, calm, content, complacent, unperplexed. I need not pause to say that these are often they upon whom nothing else in college has had much effect; upon whom their course of study has made small impression. Perhaps you often envy them, in a certain way. I think all of us are jealous at times of their happiness, their calm serenity, their untroubled outlook upon life. But most of you could not be like them if you would.

The second group comprises those who come out of college with no religion. They have learned many things, but merely in the sense of having unlearned all religious things. These are

often they who have been the hardest students; but their study has led them alone to negation. They have become, first skeptical, then critical, then incredulous, and at last callous. These are they who go out of their way to boast of the fact that they no longer go to church, who find no place in life for petition, who are blasé, hard and critical. These I have concern for, but of quite a different sort.

There is, between these two, another class. It comprises those who have also unlearned many things, but who meanwhile have learned as many more. They are standing proof of the fact that one can be clever without being flippanant, studious without being stoical, mentally capable yet not coldly cynical. There are many of these, and they are the best products of all education. If any one thinks they are ignorant, he is wrong. If any one thinks they are stupid, he "errs in vision, he stumbles in judgment."

These three types, I think, include all college graduates. They include all other educated persons as well, for that matter; but those who are college-bred are more conspicuous here because their capability makes them of more weight in

every consideration. They have more influence from every point of view.

Now, about this matter of gaining strength in college, I begin with the phrase, "We that are strong." It is a question open to no dispute that a college education makes people strong intellectually. You, by virtue of your college training, are among those then who are strong. Indeed you are stronger than you realize. I believe none of you rightly estimate your strength in this regard; you are more likely to underestimate it. College graduates are often accused of being conceited; I think they more often err in being unduly modest. I do not think you begin to realize the difference that has grown up between yourselves and others. Your study has hardened and toughened and strengthened your mental fiber. At least, you have put yourselves in a position where others believe that it has. Therefore they esteem you more highly even than you imagine. But whether you err, or they, or both, the error is only one of estimate. The fact remains that, merely by having gone through college, you have entered the ranks of the mentally strong.

But are you as certain to come out of college

more strong in your religious faith than when you entered? Perhaps it was not until you entered college that you began to think at all about such matters; up to that point you did only feel. Certain it is that when you began to bring your intelligence to bear upon the problem of your faith you caught, by way of method, the spirit of the age in this regard. For there has been a change wrought here by alien means. There has been a distinct atmosphere of thought in religion engendered by the development of all the sciences. In the past quarter century especially, our colleges in America have swung away from the English ideals of their founders. The age in which we live, taught by many failures, has learned to distrust swift and easy generalizations: it prefers the microscope to the telescope. As a result there has come to be a growing distrust of all *à priori* and dogmatic methods and a willingness to examine candidly and patiently ultimate facts.

Within the past twenty-five years, in Great Britain and America, largely as the result of this, the traditional theology has passed away. Like the ice fields that move south, traditional beliefs have disappeared, melted under the power of the

new intellectual climate into which they have floated. An immense mass of theological literature has, in this process, been quietly outgrown. Its logic has not been considered and refuted; its narrow premises have simply been transcended. I come then point-blank to the question: What are you going to do about this?

There are those who answer that question in three different ways. Thus it is that we have the three classes of graduates cited above. The first two classes are alike in one respect, viz.: they separate out, radically and sharply, two elements in their nature. They put two things in separate compartments; in the one religion, in the other knowledge. They differ according to one of these to which they give their chief attention.

The first make religion synonymous with emotion. To them religion is this, and it is nothing else. Therefore, the more their knowledge grows in one direction, the more they cultivate their emotions in another. They go, on the same day, from a recitation at one hour to a prayer-meeting at another. Personally, I do not think this wise. I believe it represents an effort to separate two things, knowledge and faith, which

are, in the nature of the case, inseparable. The chief effort ought to be, not to cultivate emotion so as to keep pace with growing intelligence, but rather to relate new intelligence to new emotions. There are too many who try the former thing alone. It seems to me a mistake. I beg you not to make it.

One phrase to which all those who make this attempt go back is that oft-misquoted one, *The Simple Gospel*. But, have a care. There is no such thing as a simple gospel, save for simple-minded people. Nor indeed is there any such thing as a *Simple Life*, in the sense they speak of it. Life is not simple; it is most complex. It becomes more complex the more one knows of it; that is, the more highly one becomes educated. The only simple life, appropriate to the title of that falsely lauded book which bears those words for title, were a silly life.

I am always loath to see pursued this process that I speak of. This is why, for college students, I think more of the Church than I do of the Y. W. C. A.; more of confirmation classes, than of Christian Endeavor Societies; more of preaching than of prayer-meetings. You may do this first

thing if you will. You may separate religion from knowledge and make the former merely a matter of emotion. But believe me, if you do, you do but store up wrath against a day of wrath to come sometime later in your life. For the two things cannot be separated without peril. If separated once, they will eventually grow so far apart that you can no longer hold them both. You will have to give up entirely one or the other.

The members of the second of the groups I speak of also separate emotion from intelligence; but they give up the former wholly and deal only with the latter. Nor is this surprising in view of the first. When religion is generally thought of as an extravagant emotionalism, valuable only to the few who appreciate it, to others it will come naturally to seem an antiquated survival from the past. This is unfortunate. The result it produces is bad. And the process is bad. A mind trained in mere facts, without reference to that larger sphere of faith and fancy in which is religion, is like a plant reared in a basement with no relation to the air and sunshine of the outer world. The one is as bleached and pale, as abnormal and unnatural, as the other. All education is religious

education. When the word education comes to be properly understood as thus inclusive, the phrase "religious education" will have served its purpose and will have become obsolete.

There is, of course, an explanation for this error. I regret to say that some who have borne great names in science have been as dogmatic one way as the most rampant theologians have in another way. But they ought not to be. We are creatures of passion, or at least we ought to be. To be cold and heartless, to be unemotional and hopelessly serene, is a calamity. Especially is this a calamity for women. To see a man with no religious sense is bad enough; to see a woman so is to witness a monstrosity. Such are they whom Robert Louis Stevenson described when he wrote: "A woman without sensitiveness in religion is like sunshine without heat, a rose without color, a lily without perfume."

But there is a third group here. It is composed of those who have not only lost faith, but who have found it again. The first process, as far as it goes, is not to be wondered at. Nor are students to be blamed for finding the faith of their childhood insufficient, any more than the full-grown

man can be blamed for abandoning the crib of his nursery or the toys of his infancy. But there should be a process here according to which all that is removed can be replaced with something else. "What I most crave to see," said Mr. Thomas Arnold once, "and what seems to me no impossible dream, is inquiry and belief going on together." To-day this process is going on. The process of the members of this third class is that of the engineer who builds a railroad bridge, changing each part from old to new, without stopping the running of a single train. Piece by piece, construction ought to keep pace with destruction.

This is what, throughout a century past, has gone on theoretically in the larger field of learning. While modern science, in general, has acted powerfully to dissolve away the theories and dogmas of the older theological interpretation, it has also been active in a reconstruction and re-crystallization of truth. While these older growths of conjecture and tradition have been dropping and withering and evidently perishing, new and better growths have arisen with roots running deep down into the new sciences. These sciences are giving

a new solution to those problems which dogmatic theology has so long labored in vain to solve.

Now, it is this process in general that I hope you are willing to adopt in particular. It is a varied process and has no doubt led you into many fields already. I am thinking of your education as its parts relate to your conception for example of the Bible. Your study of geology has, of course, changed your mental attitude toward the stories of the Book of Genesis. And, as of Genesis, so of the Bible throughout. Comparative Mythology and Folklore have shown you that ideas and beliefs regarding the supreme power in the universe have been progressive, and not less so in Judea than in other parts of the world. Comparative Anthropology in general has shown you that various stages of belief and observation, once supposed to be derived by direct revelation from heaven to the Hebrews, are still found as arrested developments among various savage and barbarous tribes. Research in many fields has established the fact that stories, formerly supposed to be accounts of special revelations to Jews and Christians, are but repetitions of widespread legends dating from far earlier civilizations.

Comparative Religion and Literature, by searching out and laying side by side those main facts in the upward struggle of humanity, have shown that the Israelites, like other gifted peoples, rose gradually through ghost-worship, fetishism and polytheism to higher theological levels.

But you should, in following this process, also have learned that all these studies give back to the Bible more than they take from it. You should glory in the fact that the Bible is now no longer considered so sacred as religion that it may not be studied as literature; that it is not so much a book about religion as it is a book of religion; that it is a religious manual in the highest sense. By the work of scholars, the so-called Scriptures have been thus transformed. Out of the old chaos has come order; out of the old welter of hopelessly conflicting statements in religion and morals has come a new conception of a sacred literature which mirrors the most striking evolution of morals and religion in the history of our race. You should know by this time that this book is the expression of an experience, a literature shot through with the sense of the Almighty's direct revelation in human life. Knowing this

you will understand that, after all, "It is the letter that killeth; but the spirit giveth life."

Moreover, in addition to all this, it is not alone the things you know that have their bearing on your religion. It is the way in which you relate these facts to all your knowledge. Others know the same facts but hold them in confusion, unrelated; with you, there ought to be a habit of thought and out of this habit ought to come a frame of mind. For religion is not a thing apart. It is rather an atmosphere, a point of view, an explanation of things, a motive for conduct, something that diffuses itself through all life and correlates all learning.

You should have by this time an increasing desire to face all facts of natural science, in psychology, in literary criticism, in historical research, with the conviction that no truth adequately tested and fearlessly proclaimed, can ultimately damage either morality or faith. You should have a mind open to the truth, an eagerness for trustworthy evidence in reference to the truth, a willingness, if necessary, to strip off every husk of human opinion to get at the kernel, and a veritable ardor in accepting the truth when once it is arrived at.

And, in all this course, you should never be terrified. You need not wonder if you are perplexed. As Lessing has said: "He who does not lose his reason at times has no reason to lose." You should not be afraid to think profoundly along any line. There is nothing that may not be questioned, provided always that you keep an honest mind, a tender heart and a sober mood. Try to keep reality even if, for the time being, you can give no account of it. But the ability to do this depends entirely upon your mood. That mood must be one of caution, yet of candor. It is not necessary to be either a reactionary or a scoffer.

There is a proper mean here between two extremes. There is a normal place between that dogmatism that resists all progress of thought and that skepticism which dooms life to helplessness and hopelessness. Remember that neither the dogmatic theologian nor the dogmatic scientist are to be taken as examples of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Pursue your studies eagerly, earnestly and reverently. Then let come what will. After it is over, though not while it is going on, your own experience will tell you that it

has been the shaving off of some accidental and unessential attachment to your faith that has caused you most sorrow and that has been at the bottom of most of your religious disturbance.

And now to our third main point; to consider the attitude of those who are thus religiously as well as intellectually strong. Says St. Paul, there is one thing we who are strong ought to do and there is one thing we ought not to do. We ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and we ought not first of all to please ourselves. Consider these two things for a moment each—and in their inverse order.

“We ought . . . not to please ourselves.” At about this season, the Commencement Season, you will all, graduates and under-graduates alike, receive much advice. And it will almost all be in one vein. You will be told how to make the most of yourself, how to get on in the world, how to succeed. Over against self-assertion must be self-surrender. This is the altruistic attitude and endeavor in contrast to all selfish ones. These are the two balanced forces, both needed to produce one thing, as surely needed as are the two poles of a battery, the positive and the negative,

to cause an electric current to flow, or the two forces centrifugal and centripetal, to hold the world in place. It takes these last two both to spell out gravitation and, as Henry James has said, "Without gravitation the world would be an insane sand heap." Science is inseparable from applied science, knowledge from applied knowledge, self-advancement from the service of society. This latter it is that carries into humanity the sense of God, into the individual conscience the desire for a pure heart, into the social conscience the demand for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

There is, moreover, not only this negative injunction in the text; there is also a positive one: "We who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." We ought to bear them in the sense of enduring, tolerating, putting up with them. But, more than this, we ought to bear them in the sense of carrying them. We ought to be able to do something toward correcting them. In your especial sphere, you can do much in this regard. You are, or you ought to be, possessed with enthusiasm for humanity. Now, any large enthusiasm is bound to make itself felt. It makes itself

the more felt in proportion as the person possessing it is trained in expression and varied in resource and adaptability; in fine, in proportion as one is educated. Persons possessing this arouse, first curiosity, then admiration, and finally imitation.

You have, besides, an especial mission merely because you are women. Elizabeth McCracken, in her volume *The Women of America*, observes that "Women in America fix the standards of society and make the rules that govern social relationships." You can even do that which will take the place of preaching. It is possible for you to present the truth in such a way that error will disappear without being attacked. In this respect, there is much for you to do. By your special effort you can do what others cannot do. By your attitude you can make the world at large more sane and better able to repress unbalanced thinking; you can correct the abnormal and distorted forms of religious life and thought which at present seem to attack such large numbers; you can dispel the ignorance and disregard of the laws of religious life which result in the giving up, for all practical purposes, of religion by

so many people; you can widen the narrow conceptions of religious subjects which prevail, even where men and women in other matters of life and thought exhibit the highest intelligence.

Such are some of the claims incumbent upon you as educated women. The task of the college is to discover the permanent interests of mankind and to organize the intellect of the world for the promotion of the whole circle of these interests. As college graduates, then, do this in the only way it can be done. Do it in the genial, generous spirit of service. Be sympathetic. The democrat, with his readiness for admiration and respect toward his fellows, must be happy; the aristocrat, with his sense of superiority and habit of contempt, must be and ought to be wretched. If you draw yourselves apart, if you put up the bars of social and intellectual aristocracy between yourselves and others, they will despise you, ridicule you and hate you; and the sense of your own isolation and alienation will burn itself into your soul like a withering, scorching curse. But if you give yourselves to them they will give their thanks to you in return and great will be your recompense.

One other word, a definite word, definite because of the very fact that you are women. As such you have an especial power as college women. You will never estimate your power fully just as women. You have somewhat of power inherent in your very weakness. All there is to say in this regard has been said once for all by Dante when to his vision of the Eternally Feminine he raised, in Paradise, his hymn of praise:

“Whatso'er may be
Of excellency in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee.”

Wield this power. And wield it wisely. As college women, wield it the more forcibly because the more intelligently. Above all, wield it generously, unselfishly. Do this actually in terms of that creation of religious poetry and Christian mythology in which it is framed figuratively, the Madonna, whose heart of joy is saddened by the shadows of the sorrows which her babe one day must bear. This has expressed forever, as no dogma of the creeds has ever expressed even for a time, the essential meaning of that self-forgetting,

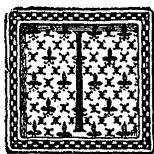
self-effacing love, of which the Cross is the abiding symbol. "For even Christ pleased not himself. . . . Wherefore, the God of patience and consolation make you to be like-minded."

CHAPTER IX

OPENING THE BOOK

Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa.

*A Sermon to the Graduating Class of this Seminary
of the Reformed Church*



IN his volume, *The Christ of To-day*, the Rev. George A. Gordon has a passage that may well be made the foreword to this sermon. Says he: "These persons are all those who feel the greatness of the common Christian inheritance, but who are at a loss to understand its meaning for the generation to which they belong. There are thousands who long to hear the wonderful words of God in their own tongue. Into a dialect of present thought, the meaning of the Divine Wonder must be put. The understanding, burdened with the sense of infiniteness of the Christian message, must coöperate with the living spirit. These persons have not broken with historic Christianity; but they stand in perplexity."

OPENING THE BOOK

“Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?”—Revelation v., 2.

I need not remind you that the language employed in this book of Revelation is poetic and not prophetic. I need not say to you that the words are all symbolic and that no statement is literal. I pause not to labor any such point as that angels, elders, beasts and thrones are figments of imagination, and descriptions of them figurative in the last degree.

That, however, does not rob this passage of meaning. There is like similitude elsewhere. The Delectable Mountains are nowhere on the map. The Land o’ the Leal has no such thing as acreage. The River of Lethe, the Mills of the Gods, the Seats of the Mighty, the Shadow of Death—none of these wordings are accurate; and yet the things connoted by them are all actual.

No more need I remind you that the book here

spoken of is not the Bible. Let us say it is the Book of Life. This is a figure peculiar to the Revelation, as the Tree of Life was figurative in the Book of Genesis. It is but one of many figures used among the nations to express the mystery of man's existence. The Wingéd Lion of Babylon, the Sphinx of later Egypt, the Woven Patterns on the Walls of Troy, the Swastika of the Tibetans—all these are illustrations. What the Egg was to the Hindus, what the crystal is to-day in India, the Book of Life was to the writers of Apocalypse. Symbols these are of a quest after a meaning. Such questions are Whence and Whither? The mystery is that of origin and end.

All this is old. It is familiar. Is it religious? Is there anyone to open this sealed book whose information is of things eternal? If so, there are questions of a more specific kind. How shall a man be just before God? Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? If a man die shall he live again? What must I do to be saved? These are questions asked out of the soul. They require for answer words that shall come out of a spirit. They are not asked equally by all. They are not asked with the same degree of interest by any at all

times. But they are asked by those who profess and call themselves Christians. And to-day they are being asked with an unwonted eagerness.

I have no desire to dwell on those aspects of religious life and thought supposed to be peculiar to this time immediate, this time of war. And yet it is hard to keep afield from this consideration. I touch upon one phase alone. I am concerned with the confusion in the thinking of religious people and with the concessions made in conduct of all forms of worship. People are restive under old established forms; they are suspicious of dogmatic statement. There are agencies that seem about to take the functions of the Church. There are endeavors, in the field of uplift and prevention—not to say of hygiene and mere recreation—that threaten to supersede, as for the time being they supplant, the services and offices of Church and Clergy.

And, in all this, there is one familiar criticism of things as they are, one comment on things as they ought to be. The criticism is of "those unhappy divisions" that have so long seemed to keep people apart; the clamor is one new only in emphasis laid on it in this crisis; it is for Church Union. On all

hands remark is made upon the pettiness of things that separate, and on the gain that would result in efforts to bring in the kingdom of God upon earth if only Christians could be brought to work by the same methods and to think in the same categories.

Now, whenever any theory is popular, its soundness is to be suspected. In proportion as any suggested solution of any problem is universal, it is likely to be superficial. Are the people who most deprecate distinctions of the kind just mentioned those most likely to know best the difficulties? Are these times most seasonable for the solution above suggested? Are not people likely rather to think loosely and, so thinking, come to the conclusion that such difficulties can be resolved merely by denying that they exist? I would analyze this matter, not mainly for its own sake, but to lead on to what I have in mind for our major consideration. Is this kind of union possible? Is it even desirable?

I inquire: Is it possible? And flatly I reply: It is not. I remind you how much is involved. Doing this, I quietly aver there is one line of cleavage that cannot be crossed. I am thinking of those two great halves, those divisions of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant. Between these, there is

tolerance, politeness, courtesy and kindly feeling, to be sure; but there is no community of thinking. The one group take their stand upon the phrase: "A Deposit of Faith." The other have for watchword or for motto: "A Venture of Faith." You might as well admit this for an *impasse*. The Scholastic theology is disqualified for your use by the fact that its philosophical point of view is immeasurably out of relation with the canons of your thinking. You must give up hope of this consolidation of these two halves in this century.

But, doing that, is the way clear before you for consideration of the other half? You say that Protestants should have one Church and no denominations. But should and could are different words. I still hold to my declaration of impossibility. And I do so for this reason: the ground sought for such a union is of dogma or of doctrine; but this cannot be made a common meeting ground. It may be a greatest common divisor; it is not a least common multiple. You regret that men cannot agree to formulate their religious beliefs in the same words. But why should they try? Of the present state of wide diversity, you regret that no doctrinal statement can be reached upon which

all can agree. But whence comes the notion of making doctrinal statement a basis of agreement? Men can agree to act in unison. They can never agree to believe alike. No one who knows human nature and Church history will expect any such result.

Having said this as a Protestant am I about to say something else as a Protestant Episcopalian? I am not. I do not believe the Anglican substitute for Roman Catholic uniformity any more likely to prevail than I believe the Church of Rome can be coördinated with the Church of Luther. I refer to the sincere but unavailable proposal, thirty years ago, of the Lambeth Conference to establish a four-fold basis of organic union: The Holy Scriptures; The Two Sacraments; The Catholic Creeds; The Historic Episcopate. More recently, the Episcopal Church has created a Commission on Faith and Order and sent it abroad among the Churches to ask for conferences, in the hope that some creed might be formulated upon which all could agree. Is this then what is talked of, hoped for and prayed over, in the nature of Church Union?

Why do people still dream of trying to force religion back into channels where it has been

choked? When men thought little and tremblingly, the Church was autocratic, imperial, a controller of reason and the lord of conscience. But when men began to think vigorously and independently, the Church became deliberative, heterogenous, comprehensive and educational. Ever since liberty of conscience was exalted above uniformity, the right of private judgment has been above submission to any doctrinal decree. Any longing of this kind, therefore, need not be a desire for some new form of ecclesiastical uniformity. So to reorganize Protestantism would be, in effect, to create a new Catholicism. This is from henceforth an impossibility. We are farther away from it to-day than ever before.

But what does it matter? Is ecclesiastical unity, on a basis of voluntary structural uniformity in theology, even desired? I observe that, not only is no such common confessional standard available, but no general desire for it appears. The whole tone of preaching is changing. The center of interest has shifted. Fainter and less frequent is the note of polemical bitterness. The homiletical consciousness of the age concerns itself primarily with matters of effort and not with matters of faith.

There are many things accountable for this. They are products of the religious thinking of a century. But, all together, they leave relatively meaningless those denominational issues that were sharp and vital at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is a new spirit or mood ascendant. The important point is that the temper of this sentiment, while reverent toward the past, is basing its commitments upon things far in the future. The deepest spiritual life of to-day retains the Catholic creeds with joy as expressions of devotion and as holy inheritances; but no one applies them as tests of belief. The old issues cannot be revived. The old sense of importance of churchly authority will not be recovered. It is not possible. It is not desired.

I remind you of one change of method here which has its bearing upon all our thinking. There was a time when faith was fixed and knowledge must be fitted to it. Now it is knowledge that stands fixed, where it abides at all, and by its standards all belief must be attested. Once new discoveries were judged and new departures estimated in accordance with conformity or variance with a confession. That time now is past.

An utter reversal of method prevails. I exhort you to fall in with it. And I would have you do this fearlessly. Mr. James Russell Lowell was right: "The Universe of God is fireproof; it is safe anywhere to strike a match."

Maybe you will adopt this new method with reluctance; but you must commit yourselves to it. Be not surprised that some temporary faults of proportion occur at the present stage of this reversed religious thinking. And be not alarmed. For even this is better than stagnation. It is better for you. The subtle penalty of doing otherwise than I have urged above is that the consciousness of insincerity gradually wears away. Do have a care. "He who does not begin by preaching what he believes, will end by believing what he preaches."

Upon the ground of one distinction, as upon no other, it is possible to classify all groups of Protestant clergymen in two great categories. They may differ in a hundred other ways; but, one side or the other, they all range themselves along this line of demarcation. There are those who believe that the hope of the Church, as of anything else, lies in the future. There are those, *per contra*, who

regret their distance from the moorings of the past. These latter lament that the gates of the Garden of Eden are closed: those former rejoice that the gates of the New Jerusalem are open. The one class go seeking for "The ancient landmarks which the Fathers did set up"; the others read the Scriptures and enthuse over the promise: "Behold I have set before you an open door."

There is need to make this point emphatic. Many people have sad misconception of the ministry *per se*. They have spoken of a class generically when they ought to speak specifically. They have forgotten that there are as many types of clergy as there are of lawyers, grocers, automobiles. For clergymen are as multiform as they are manifold. They must be judged differently. If classified at all, they must be separated by this line alone. When all other divergences have been admitted, they fall into one or the other of these two great classes. The first believe the gifts of modern times are good, the second that the present days are evil. The first feel that the future holds new knowledge and in consequence new, better, finer faith; the second want resuscitation, recrudescence, revitalization of something that has prop-

erly become decadent. This is the fallacy, this the futility, of the modern "revivalist" monte-banks' motives and methods.

For the purpose of this new alignment, old denominational lines are practically eliminated. The one question of absorbing interest is not whether people shall be Trinitarians or Unitarians, Presbyterians or Winebrennerians, Protestant Episcopalians or Methodist Episcopalians, but the question which—among any or all of these—are intent to be modern and which are content to be ancient; which desire most to be progressive, which reactionary. The second feel resentfully that some of us have taken away their Lord. They are looking to see where we have laid Him. We of the first feel keenly that if, out of the profounder and better life of this age, religious conceptions worthy of the times could only arise, they would be so close an approximation to the mind of Christ, as to possess a power Apostolic.

But with all this what has the Christ to do? "Who is able to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?" Is the answer in Him? I contend that it is. It is there, or else nowhere. It is this that inheres in His work; else that work was wasted.

Either in Him was the express image of the God-head bodily, or else "Earth is darkness at the core and dust and ashes all there is." Some pay little heed to this and make but small account of its importance. But to you and me it is of vital import. On this point we want assurance. But to gain this firm assurance there are two methods proposed. There are two divergent points of view from which to regard the movement toward this recovery of the essence of the Christian religion. It may be regarded as an escape from the burdensome and complex elements of scholastic theology to the evangelical simplicity and tenderness that were in Christ. Or it may be looked upon as an advance from the present limited view of Jesus as a mere personal and social ideal, to that Apostolic view which, in every age, has conditioned Christian experience.

In terms of the latter, the Christian religion is greater than any possible official interpretation. It contains certain fundamental truths that are seen to be self-evidencing. The monumental propositions of the Christ, that involve the moral life of the race, emerge into certitude and rise like pyramids upon the desert. Imperishable facts

they are that tower above the low levels of mere local incident. In the religion of Jesus there are certain universal and permanent elements which constitute the very essence of religion.

Is what we need then to get "Back to Christ"? I answer, Yes—and No. I would come to Christ, but not by going backward. I would come to Him, not as He was but as He is and as He is to be. There was a Christ of history; there is a Christ of mystery. It is a mistake to set the whole accent of your study upon the historical, as contrasted with the metaphysical, view of Christ. I shall not attempt description of this latter essence, lest I make its content to seem small and meager. On the contrary, its content is majestic and opulent. "The fullness of the Godhead is in it. The depths of the riches of divine grace are in it. The unspeakable gift of God is in it. The treasures of wisdom and knowledge are in it. The depth and height and breadth and length of the love of God are in it. The growing appreciation of this mystical content, the broadening scope of Christian experience, are disclosing the vast proportions of those universal and permanent elements that constitute the essence of the Christian religion."

I conclude by reading one passage from Whiteley in his essay on the Love of Truth. "Its authority is not that of a council or sect. It is a self-evidencing authority that abides—the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The caravans cross the desert, encamp beneath the shadow of the pyramids, pass on their way: the pyramids stand, neither impatient for their coming nor vexed by their going. The sectarian movements of Christian thought pass and repass before the untroubled majesty of such essential Christian Truth. The schools debate and divide; the currents of opinion meet in controversy; the toil of the scholar continues. But meanwhile the things that cannot be shaken abide in the eternal calm, and men look up to them with clearer eyes and love them with a deepening love. It is a love that lifts above partisanship and strife. It is a love that casts out fear."

I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and without, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the

earth, was able to open the book, nor even to look thereon. And I wept much because no man was found worthy to open, and to read the book. Then one of the elders said unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the World, he hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose all the seals thereof.

CHAPTER X

SINCERE WITHOUT OFFENSE

Ogontz Girls' Boarding School

*A Baccalaureate Sermon, the Year the Preacher was
the Class's Honorary Member*



OUR school days are ended. You are women now and girls no longer. May you long remember both your teaching and your teachers and your preacher. Won't you approve things that are excellent. Won't you use your knowledge with right judgment. Won't you let your love abound, yet more and more. If you do, you will be always above either giving or receiving offense. And if—I mean this, mark me well and please remember—if anyone ever so much as dares to give offense unmerited to one of you, my little ones, I beg you, as a favor of a lifetime, you send them to me. With our text for motto; with these thoughts in your remembrance and with these hopes for the future so well founded, I bid you all good-bye.

SINCERE WITHOUT OFFENSE

“And this I pray . . . that ye may be sincere and without offense . . .”—Philippians i., 10.

I cannot, in this presence, merely announce a text in a casual way and begin, in a wholly conventional manner, this sermon this evening. I cannot do this any more than I can think of you, the members of this graduating class, in a merely professional mood or speak in a calmly impersonal way. It is true there are some phrases I dislike exceedingly from pulpits, just as I believe you do. And there are certain types of sermons that I cannot tolerate myself; hence I would not impose one such on you. Yet one of these phrases, in one just such kind of sermon, is a phrase to-night I cannot keep away from. I mean one of many variants of the expression: “My dear friends.”

For you and I have been friends in a most peculiar manner. We have been through joys together—and through labor also. At least, you have

given me more pleasure than I ever had elsewhere. And, too, I fear that I have oftentimes imposed on you a task not unlike to the labor of your studies, asking toleration from you while I preached long sermons to you. We are friends, however. Therefore let who will become impatient while I pause to speak directly to you, and quite personally.

Let me first congratulate you—and then sympathize with you. Let me dwell upon thoughts of the moment, and let me forecast your feelings on the morrow when you come to your Commencement. This week brings to you the full fruition of your hopes through years of study. As a consequence, there are two words that come to-night to have new meaning. As, for instance, Graduation. What does that word mean, but that in life there is gradation, that in every life there are marked stages, many steps in the long path of progress of which this is not the last by any means but only one in series. And that other word Commencement. Does this really mean that you have come to the end of something so much as to the beginning of something else? You are at the opening of a long vista of a life's work each. I not only congratulate you; but, as saith the

Psalmist, "I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

I have also said I sympathize with you. I do this because of something that I divulge to you as a secret. I have long since been through the same thing myself. I have made observation too as well as had experience. I recall how, when you first came here from home to school, that you were home-sick. What I would divulge to you is that, when you leave school this last time for home, you will be much more desperately school-sick. I am sure you feel already something of the pain of parting. I would have you feel the solemn stress of duty in the lives that you will henceforth lead is separation.

You must realize that school life, such as yours, has been abnormal. In life here you have been artificially shielded. But I believe you will not fall into mere idleness; that you will not lead merely lives of leisure. One thing, you will not be objects of pity because incompetent; for you have been well taught and well trained. You must not therefore be diletantes. You must not fill up existence with the silly or the inane. You must not be of those poor sisters of leisure, those

scions of idle wealth who toil not neither do they spin. At least, it is my intention to warn you against such dangers and to urge upon you claims of larger duty.

O, the enviable place you occupy! You are young; who can compute that one advantage? You are at the stage where all things are—ought to be—at the full. Many have been in a like position. But how have they fared? Enthusiasms and ambitions are not yours alone. Everybody has at times had splendid inspirations, great throbs of lofty purpose, attractive vistas of brilliant hopes and desires. But how many of these vanish quickly, leaving their possessors no better, because stern will power lost its hold upon them, because their hearts became fickle and their restless moods changed and their minds forgot. Come in every life soon or later, memories of great resolves neglected, of high ideals lost to view, of splendid motives perverted, of definite intentions broken, of praiseworthy springs of action which, after prophetic promises, degenerated into a mist and finally disappeared. Let it not be so with you. There is a better method and a sure reward.

There is no satisfaction equal to that which

floods the being when one can feel one's task well done; when the intended good has gained completion; when the aim reaches the mark, the purpose its fulfillment and the journey's end its destination. But how many lives are a pathetic and disappointing illustration of blasted hopes, broken promises, surrendered intentions and contradicted resolves, good starts and bad endings. The buffeting storms of life's wintry days too often overcome the strength of resolution. Hold on. Life, to the happiest and most fortunate, is serious business. This is due in no small degree to the uncertainty of its issues. Because we know so little of what the years may bring forth, it must be a thoughtless and a calloused mind indeed which can contemplate the unknown coming years and not be sobered. If there is ever a time when we ought to be moved to take thought of the things of God; if there is ever a time when the heart's faith ought to reach out eagerly to lay hold upon those things which time cannot alter nor destroy; surely that time is when we stand face to face with such a new outlook on life as this, with its joys and its sorrows, its successes and its failures, its gains and its losses, all unknown. As

you grow in wisdom and in stature, may you grow in favor with God and man—with God and man, mark you.

And singularly well equipped you are for both of these. I remind you that you have been well trained. You have been taught how to live. Your bodies have been fashioned under favor of the Fates. Your characters await development commensurate therewith. Your affections will be taken captive. May you hold their captors in turn in captivity. Your loves will be tied in such Gordian knots that they cannot be loosed. May they only be cut by the sword of the Angel of Death! Your hearts will be opened; may they be well filled! And may the good and gracious God forefend that they should e'er be broken!

But I must come to my text. In doing so, I remind you of something which, to others all will have no meaning. This is also a secret between us. Do you recall

“The dim orchid light of All Hallows’,
When sincerity made its appeal”?

If I promise not to tire you by repeating any single phrase then spoken, will you allow me to take

the same words for a text as we had for a motto that evening? I would do this in the earnest hope that, in your memories to-night so tender, if it be implanted, it may linger as your class text, as your senior school year adage, and as your life's motto: "That your love may abound yet more and more, in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offense. . . ."

Let us first define our terms. The word "sincere" used here, in Greek is "Eilikrines." In Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon, I find it is composed of "Hele," sun, and "Krino," to know. But to know in this way is to learn in a curious manner. The word means to select out or to resolve into its parts; to find that things are harmonious by analyzing them, as you would the rainbow into colors primary. The test which results therefore in sincerity, used in this sense, is one not so much of depth as of clarity. To bear the test of scrutiny, and fearlessly, by those who know us in the open, clear, bright sunlight—this is to be "Eilikrines."

The word "offense" here used, in Greek is "Aproskopos." It is used but three times in the

whole New Testament. Two passages stand, one on either side of this one: I Cor. 10:32, "Give none offense," and Acts 24:16, "Void of offense." In strict analysis it means literally "Having nothing for one to strike against"; that is to say, having no sharp corners, no sensitive points upon which to be hurt yourself and not causing others to stumble, not being the means of hindering or hurting others. The word has not primarily the sense of anger, whether as a noun or as a verb. And yet it has this meaning within certain circumstances. And, for most of us, these are the circumstances that give chief concern. I am thinking of our likes and dislikes, of our popularity and of unpopularity. May you be sincere, without taking or giving offense.

Now these two thoughts, being sincere and being without offense, seem to suggest things quite irreconcilable. Our whole conception of sincerity is the opposite of everything deceitful, false, shady, two-faced, shifty, perfidious, conceited or sophisticated. While, over against this, to be without offense seems to connote the tendency to follow the dictates of cold worldly wisdom. We say of something: "It is true; but is it art? We feel

that "All things are lawful; but all things are not expedient." We find in ourselves an increasing admiration for "the iron hand in the velvet glove." Is it possible to compromise to this extent and to have these two things at once?

I do not think it is—by methods merely of the worldly wise. And this it is that makes two other facts all the more strange. For is it not strange how two familiar facts stand in juxtaposition? You are taught one thing in precept; you are shown another in example. All people, especially young people, are exhorted to be honest, earnest, frank, straight-forward and sincere. Then straightway all their training is along lines that would make them politic, resourceful, tactful, polished—by the very opposite course of procedure. On the one hand, even from the pulpit, you hear pronounced St. Paul's world-famous encomium on "Charity"; while, upon the other hand, in daily life, you have had held before you Polonius' advice to his son. Can these two things be reconciled?

Well, in the first place, I observe that it is easy to be sincere—and offensive. The proof of this is found in the number of people who accomplish it, and without trying. The vast majority

of people are the so-called common people. And we all know how, in being unsophisticated, they are rudely because crudely truthful. It is only as the result of a long course of training in the niceties of language and of life that we acquire the ability of using language, not to express but to conceal our thoughts. The same is true of children as above of the child-minded or the immature. Everyone knows how cruelly frank is a child. The *enfant terrible* is not terribly bad but only terrifying in that he is so out-spoken. Is it not well, therefore, that we should outgrow this? Are there any more unsatisfactory types among your pseudo friends than those objectional people who are always saying cruelly, in their feigned friendliness, "I will be perfectly frank with you." This is truly a distressing practice. I pray you avoid it.

In the second place, I remind you, it is perfectly easy to be inoffensive—if insincere. I do not disparage here the worth of popularity as a real test of merit. There are those who have this good will of their fellows to an unusual extent. Upon the whole, this wideness of approval by those to whom they are inoffensive is a measure of real merit. But I am always suspicious of such universal

popularity. I have grave fears regarding those who have no enemies. It is so easy to gain friends by flattery. But there is danger of becoming false ourselves by flattering too freely. If you do this, soon or later, you will fail. You will prejudice your own position by making, or by seeming to make, mistakes of judgment. As the first type is objectionable, this second also may become despicable. I mean that type of person condemned in the Proverb: "Who flattereth with her tongue." This also is a distressingly bad habit. I pray you avoid it.

Now, I have piled up illustrations, not to make it seem impossible to do or to be both of these, but to make it seem important that some such midway shall be found. I am fearful that there are no ways—save only one. I believe the one thing needful to this end is religion. That is why I turn to St. Paul. That is why I frame my thesis in a text. It is easy enough to be either of two things. The Apostle exhorts to be both. But how?

I am always glad to find a text whose very phrases stand together in such sequence that their progress builds a ladder, rung by rung, on which my thought can climb to a conclusion. Such is

this text to a striking degree, if you take the phrases that precede this passage—and especially if you reverse the order of them. It is possible to build them backward like the underpinning of a structure. Let me read them in their order, then reverse them in our study. “That your love may abound more and more; in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent.”

First, approve things that are excellent. This is a positive injunction as over against a negative. This points the value of approval in contrast to the futility of disapproval. This puts emphasis upon praise versus criticism. And the whole is of inestimable value. Every once in a while you will hear it said, as token of the highest tribute that can possibly be paid, that such an one never spoke an unkind word of anybody. And this should be a prevailing custom. In order to do this, of course, you must have certain standards of excellence. You must apply these to people as well as to things. There must be in your life certain ideals that you will adhere to; certain bounds of conduct beyond which you will not stray; certain limits you set for yourself beyond which you will not transgress

and certain heights to stand upon from which no power on earth can drag you down. When you set these up, approve them in the sense of adhering to them. When you see them in others, approve them. If you cannot find these, then do nothing. Do not criticize or disapprove. And all this is a practical injunction. It will bring you recompense. Recall the old couplet:

“Seek out the best in every man,
And speak of them the best ye can.
So shall all men speak well of thee
And say how kind of heart ye be.”

But, in the second place, you must do this in knowledge and in all judgment. This is where your education comes in. This is where to sentiment you must add common sense. It is not true that everything is good. And unfortunately it is not true that all people are excellent. While you need not be outspoken in your disapproval, you may be reserved in your expression. In proportion as you have knowledge, you must exercise right judgment. If then, some should be offended, it is not your fault. Indeed, it is not even your misfortune. You are in the line of the

performance of your duty. You cannot avoid this. And you must not shirk it. There are opposites in life and character. Between them there is all the difference between midday and midnight, between truth and falsehood, between virtue and vice, between God and the Devil. Choose accordingly. And stand fast by your choice.

All earnest people want to be effective. But this is not an easy matter. The easy thing is to drift with the current. The making of right character consists in beating up against the wind and tide. But not all people do this. Indeed the majority do not. You recall the old legend that, in the conflict between God and Lucifer, when there was war in Heaven, mankind were they who could not make up their minds which side they were on. It seems that most of them have never since been able to decide. But when you do make your decision, it will pay. Certainly nothing else will ever pay. Did any human being ever sacrifice the goods of the spirit to the goods of sense, honor to gain, truth to popularity, conscience to success, what they felt to be the higher to what they felt to be the lower satisfaction, without knowing they had

done a base and an unworthy thing? To do this is the weak and treacherous surrender of the law of the mind to the law of the members. It is the pulling down of the flag from the citadel of character. It is owning that you are worsted in the battle of life, that you are no longer free but the creature of circumstance, the puppet of caprice, the slave of things.

And, third and lastly, let your love abound. Here the subject widens out, as should this basis of our argument. For the whole stands like a pyramid, the broadest at the bottom. Reads the statement literally: "Let your love abound more and more"; that is to say, even more than enough. Let it not be merely sufficient; let it be abundant. Let it not merely fill your life, but let it overflow everything and everyone about you. All which is the Christian way; for listen: "If ye do good to them that do good to you, what praise have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? Ye have heard it said by them of old time, Thou shalt love thy neighbor . . . but I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that persecute you and pray for them that despitefully use you." Have you ever really tried this? It will work

amazingly. If there be some person you cannot endure, some fellow mortal that offends you, some poor human being that you cannot tolerate, have you ever tried the test of praying for them? There are those who have done this and "Out of such fine sadness have they made this world so beautiful."

And let me quote not only from the Bible. Recall this passage from Emerson. "The only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall never come nearer a person by getting into their house." Study your true mission in the world, not as one of remote and isolated illumination, but of sympathy, enlargement and inspiration, as of a modest common candle, lighting its little sphere in the surrounding dark. You need not ask for radiance and glory to reform things from above. Practice only that companionship and comradeship and kinship and kindliness that shall lift your common human kind up into eternal significance. True character conserves itself by exhausting itself. The more one gives of oneself the more one has left. The more they forgive the greater they become.

You will find great recompense here also. And you will avoid unhappiness. Believe me. There

never was a man who on any ground considered himself superior to the rank and file of his fellows who was really happy. And, just because women are more sensitive to those personal relations, there never was a proud woman who was not, as the inevitable counterpart of her pride, eating her heart out in the gall of bitterness. You may have to be patient with others. You will have to be sternest with yourself in your judgments of them. You must flood them with kindness. You must let your love overflow. And you need not expect to be repaid in kind. You must give more kindness than is recompensed. But that need never trouble you. It never troubles the sun, for example, that some of its rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space and only a small part upon the few reflecting planets. If you can only believe that the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether, you will make the discovery that your intellectual and active powers increase with the affections. The moment we indulge our affections the world is metamorphosed. The effect of the indulgence of all human affection is a novel kind of exhilaration. Try it. You will be surprised.

But wait. For I must not be further tedious. Have I spoken too long to you and too little of you? I come back in protestation of my purpose to one other statement, to the prefatory passage not yet quoted of my text: "God is my witness, how I long for the welfare of you all." I have ranked myself among your friends. You have a multitude of such to-night. And well do you deserve them. Speaking for them, and as one of them, I make pronouncement of the highest praise I know. And why? Because like them

"I love thee,
Not for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities: no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep,
but
Because infinity upon thee broods.
Thou art so full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell.
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not;
What the still night confideth to the stars.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea.
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when;

It has been sung of, though I know not where;
It has the strangeness of some luring light
And of far sea-horizons. Beside thee,
I am aware of other times and other lands;
Of birth far back, of lives in many stars;
Of beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world!"

CHAPTER XI

FOLLOWING IN HIS STEPS

Pennsylvania State College

*A Sermon Preached to Three Thousand Students
in the College Chapel*



AYS Professor James Hulme Canfield, late President of Ohio State University, in his volume, *The College Student and His Problems*: "Every man must have a more or less definite thought of life as a whole, of what life ought to mean to him, of the end in view and the means by which to reach that end—or he goes blindly, aimlessly, hopelessly. His views may change, doubtless they will change, as to many details; but as early as possible he ought to determine what fundamental principles he will accept. He who has a faith religious, born of a conviction that he has thought out his own problem to an approved conclusion, is in no serious danger of failure."

FOLLOWING IN HIS STEPS

“Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in His steps.”—
1 Peter ii., 21.

This passage, both in substance and in form, together in the truth it states and in the choice of words for statement, is a classic among texts. It suggests one of the most common ideas in all religious thinking and one of the most familiar phrases in all forms of Christian speech. I mean the idea conveyed by the phrase, *Imitation of Christ*.

This phrase, moreover, is a most expressive and significant one; for it is this to which all Christian theory and all Christian practice eventually come down—the attempt to make a pattern or example of the life of Jesus Christ.

While, once again, the phrase is of importance for another reason: it is about some of many forms of such endeavor that, in all the history of

Christianity, most controversy has been waged. The question has been: Just whose conduct, just what line of conduct, is most nearly in accord with that of this exemplar?

And this latter is strange. It is strange that there should have been controversy, in view of the simplicity, the seeming finality, of this short piece of reasoning. Note how simple sounds the statement, and how compact is the argument; how comprehensive, definite, exhaustive, logical, technical almost, is the line of reasoning. Here is a syllogism. There are three steps. Christ suffered. Doing so, he left us an example. Ergo, we should follow in his steps.

I want for a few moments to make study of a problem here. I want to ask a question and to try to answer it. Just what constitutes, in just what consists, in any rightful, worthy, profitable sense, Imitation of Christ? And, in seeking for an answer to this query, I want to make use, by title at least, of three well-known books. Two will illustrate, I think, attempts that are fruitless; the third suggests a field in which more probably than in either of the others such a search may be rewarded with success.

There is extant, so I am told, and in a gallery in Amsterdam if I remember rightly, a portrait of which almost everyone has seen a copy. It is that of a man, of mature age, medium sized, broad-browed, of Flemish features, with far-away-looking, nonseeing, lustrous, kindly eyes. He is seated in a chair, holding something in his hand, and underneath, in Dutch, is an inscription which translated reads: "In a little nook with a little book."

It is a book of which one, Richard Crashaw, the writer's biographer, says: "Lo, a little volume but a great book." It was written by one, Thomas, whose father was a blacksmith or a hammer-man, and whose surname, in consequence, was Hammerkin. He was a native of Kempen, the flatness of the country giving it the name as it would, if in derivative, in English, to our word campus, a rustic village not many miles from Düsseldorf, in Rhenish Prussia. The boy early in life went down to Deventer, by the brink of the Zuyder Zee, entered a monastery, and became, in order of its course, an Augustinian monk. He lived between the years 1380 and 1471. It was at the age of twenty that he began

to write a book, which occupied about ten years; a book which, next after the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress, is the best known, and has been the most widely read volume of religious literature in Christendom. Of course I refer to the *Imitatione de Christi*, by Thomas à Kempis.

And yet the book, in this generation, has ceased almost to be read. Why? For reasons other than its faults of composition. It was written in the semi-Saxon barbarous Latin of its day. But not only is the language archaic; so also are the manner of its speech and the method of its thought. It belongs to a class of "devotional literature," so called, more highly esteemed in a former generation than in this; literature of which like portions are the Confessions of St. Augustine or the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius Loyala, the rhapsodies of Benvenuto Cellini or St. Francis of Assisi, the ecstasies of St. Theresa, St. Bernard or St. John of the Cross; the writings of such mystics as Abelard, Tauler and Herman. The whole is a Mysticism, of which someone has said: "It is a love that disdains all lesser objects and fixes itself on the person of God." Is this imitation? I think not, in any sense worth while. At best, it

is but meditation. This is not imitation of Christ, I say; at most it is only meditation about Christ.

So much for the first book, as illustrating a type or a class or a group or a school. And there is a second. It may seem a far cry from an Augustinian monastery, by the Zuyder Zee, in the year 1400, to the parsonage of, I believe, a Methodist Church, in Topeka, Kansas, in the year 1900. It was in the latter time and place a book was written which has since been sold by the hundred thousand copies, and which has been read and discussed by millions of people. It is a work of fiction entitled: *In His Steps*.

The story runs on this wise: A pastor, Henry Maxwell, created a profound sensation by gathering certain of his congregation about him and pledging them to determine all their conduct by the answer to the question: "What would Jesus do?" One of the parties to this covenant was a merchant who, in the application of this rule, proceeds to place himself in right relations with his patrons and employees. Another was the editor of a daily newspaper, who found himself constrained to stop his Sunday issue, cut off certain forms of objectionable advertisements

and renounce an erstwhile political partisanship for a like reason. And still another was a young heiress of the parish who gave up her luxurious habits, devoted half her fortune to the endowment of a moral newspaper and the remainder to plans for the betterment of the condition of the poor.

The excitement following the book's appearance issued in the actual attempt to edit a newspaper for a week, upon the lines of the report in fiction, and only lately in the formal organizing of an association of clerks, telegraphers, telephone operators, mechanics, book-keepers, day laborers, deliberately forming a new sect or cult, the touchstone they propose applying to all conduct in detail, at every step of daily life, to determine their duty, being what, in the premises, what in like conditions and within like circumstances, "What would Jesus do?"

Now wherein is the error? What is the difficulty here? This: it leaves too much to conjecture—and, note please, to the conjecture of the wrong people. This is not a method that could be applied elsewhere, in any other realm, whether of thought or of conduct. There must be a standard, a norm, an example; it must exist *per se*; it must

be reliable, unchangeable; it must exist in reality, and not in the imagination only of the person choosing for the moment to conjure it up in vision. Think how anomalous would anything else be, adjudged in this manner, in the realm of practical affairs. Take, for instance, the standards of weights and measures. A grocer is not left to decide for himself how much sugar there shall be in a pound; there is in Washington a cube of platinum weighting precisely sixteen ounces which lays an imperative upon him. No man who sells fabrics by measure is permitted to use his judgment as to the number of inches in a yard; there is a standard which settles the matter definitely for him. So in the case of our civil laws. A man at court is not permitted to measure his guilt or innocence by any such plea as "I thought thus and so"; he is judged by the code.

But a worse fault even than this would be another, namely: This would be perforce a partial, an unbalanced, an inadequate because a prejudiced attempt. The rule of imitation thus interpreted has often been worse than ridiculous; it has been positively mischievous in its partial application. There are to-day—there always have been—fa-

natical communities, where the probable, partial action of Jesus Christ in certain premises is the only rule of conduct in all kinds of circumstances. These began, let us say, with the various orders of Mendicant Monks. The Barefoot Friars, for example, said: Christ was a poor man; he had not where to lay his head; therefore, his followers also must be poor. The advocates of an uneducated ministry reason thus: Since Jesus was a man of limited learning, why should we have an educated ministry? The Flagellants are "Hungry to suffer" because Christ was "a man of sorrows"; so you may see them to this day, in Mexico, in solemn procession bearing crosses, with blood streaming down their bodies. Everyone has heard of the sect of Foot Washers; but not many know, perhaps, that there is a sect whose exhorters go out upon the roof to preach because, they contend, Jesus said: "Whatsoever ye hear in the ear, that proclaim ye upon the house-tops." Innumerable sects there are, each one taking some single, isolated, always unimportant trait, characteristic, practice or peculiarity, and on it trying to rear the structure of a creed and by it to frame a code of conduct.

Thus I have tried to illustrate, to examine and to criticize, by citing these two books and searching them, two fruitless attempts at Imitation of Christ. The first in its flavor is medieval; it is too ancient. The second is as much too modern; it is too naïve. The one is too impractical; the other is too practical. The one depends too much on sentiment, the other too much on sentimentality. Both are superficial; for neither rests on anything with any substance. The one is only meditation; the other, while it may be imitation, is so without any real or vital inclination. In the one case, there is an attempt to be as He was without the labor of doing what He did; in the other, there is an attempt to do what He would do without the toil and travail of being as He was.

The third book I have in mind is one I want to quote only by title. I cite it at all, not because I think the book itself is of any special worth, but because of the definiteness, the aptness, the suggestiveness, of its illustrative title. It is a book written by one, Frank Granger, a professor in Nottingham College, England, and its title is: *The Soul of a Christian*. This wording suggests

a new realm of research. Herein is involved, not a matter of deeds but of disposition. Here there comes under consideration, not a lot of details of conduct, but the motive spring of all conduct. Here is not even a form of meditation, but rather a trend of inspiration. Herein is a difference, maybe, hard to point; but it is a real distinction, and one important to make. The point is, life consists, not wholly in feeling or doing but as much, and more, in being. To get underneath the surface is a requisite of getting at men where they live. To probe deep enough to come upon the seat of moral judgments and the motive spring of conduct is the quest to make; to probe down and to see if one can find there the Soul of a Christian. That is the test essential, if one would judge of character. That is the field in which there is—in which alone there can be—imitation worth the name, Imitation of Christ by one who is eager to follow In His Steps.

With this in mind I turn, then, to the text. I find there first of all one plain statement of fact: "Christ suffered." It was in this, in a certain kind of suffering, in this alone that He left an example. He suffered in the deepest, keenest and

most poignant fashion. But just what fashion is that? What is the most real form of suffering? What was it in His case, as it would be in ours? What is the way in which one suffers keenest anguish? Is it in anguish of body or mind or heart or soul?

Is it physical suffering? Is it mere pain of body? I think everyone will admit that it is not. There are many things worse. One would rather have a head-ache than a heart-ache. Is it pain of heart then, mere loss, disappointment, grief, bereavement? That is worse. It is bad enough. But there is something even worse. Is it the pain caused by sin? Is it, I mean, remorse, with all that this involves? In some cases that is poignant, to be sure; but even that is not the keenest, deepest, sharpest kind of suffering. To be grieved and wearied with the burden of one's sins is only the starting point along the Christian pilgrimage.

No. You will have to drop the plummet a good deal deeper into any life—that is if the life has any depth—to find the keenest form of suffering. Failure to do this is accountable for the fact that so much preaching seems so shallow.

It deals with conduct, rather than with motive springs of conduct. The struggle in life that hurts most is the struggle to establish a proper religious outlook on a few basic, elemental problems. Each life is so much more tragic than appears, as is proved when we touch the real life of someone else. It is so much more stern, more serious, more deep, more sad than we suspected. There are ways of suffering all have in common with His sufferings. There are things He underwent and ways in which he overcame. But those "frenzied pleasures and fine pains" are for use and not for admiration. He would seem to say, not "I have overcome the world for you," but "As I am so ye can be."

Of hard problems for solution by the Christian who would imitate his Master there are three. I cite them, not as subjects for consideration—they are subjects far too large for that—but as mere points in illustration. They are illustrations of the process of research by which I am trying to get back of other things, back and under everything, and to find a motive-spring for conduct and a worthy ground for meditation in the Soul of a Christian.

The first of these three is the intellectual problem: Is there a God? I apologize for putting it so bluntly, rudely, crudely. But this is one of three questions I would ask in series, and all must be plain. Jesus Christ arrived at the knowledge of God in the only way in which that knowledge can be gained so as to be kept. For, notice how this is considered by some as a question for debate or argument. Notice in consequence the way such persons, being argued into it, can be argued out of it. There are those who would seek reasons pro and con, some for believing, some for disbelieving, in the existence of God. Jesus Christ met all problems with a consistency of decision which shows how utterly the spiritual religion of realized sonship possessed His life. His conclusions were those of the Psalmist: "We have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee."

You recall the story of Elisha? How his servant became terrified at sight of the Assyrians? He exclaimed: "What shall we do, my master?" And the old prophet replied: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And he prayed, Open the young

man's eyes that he may see. And when his eyes were opened he saw that the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. You recall the story of Mohammed in the cave? Perhaps it is a parody of the foregoing. His servant counselled flight because, said he, we are but two against so many. And the answer? "Nay, nay, we are three." This is the intimate, first-hand and personal knowledge of God.

This knowledge once gained in this way can never be shaken. There is never again in that field any place for argument. In this way comes conviction. That conviction will never need to be gained again. Out of the wilderness He came, knowing the difference between stones and bread, between bread and God, knowing the reality of the divine, never again to raise the question. In this struggle, in this agony to determine the reality of God's existence and the verity of spiritual things, He suffered. In suffering thus He left us an example, that we should settle and solve our intellectual problem even in a wilderness with prayer and fasting. It is then solved forever. It will never be raised for solution again.

The second of these is the emotional problem:

Is God good? Again I apologize; for this seems to raise the whole Problem of Evil. I do not raise this for solution, but for illustration. I ask only how He bore Himself toward it. In this second way also He suffered; that is, in His emotions. He solved this problem merely by setting it aside. He wholly passed it by. He met it and learned that it is forever unsolvable. He committed His way unto God. He gave up His own will to the will of another, even that of His Father. Anyone else may be called to do the same. He may have to go out with Abraham, leaving father and mother and kindred, he may have to go out alone and travel till he come to Sinai; for in the Mountain of the Lord it shall be seen. He may have to wrestle with the mystery of life, like Jacob at Jabbok, until the sun rise over Peniel, and the face of the Lord is seen. He may have to sit with Sidartha Guatama under the Banyan Tree, until all the passions of life are stilled and he becomes a Buddah. Aye, more; he may have to hang with Jesus Christ upon the cross, from the third unto the ninth hour, until there is wrung from his heart the cry: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Then cometh

the Good Lord God and turneth his darkness into light. That kind of confidence cannot be lost.

Over against this is another type. There are those who have no root in themselves, and so endure for a while, but afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended. In such connection it is that one talks of losing faith. If one has real faith, it cannot be lost. What you do in such a case is simply to discover that you never had faith. In His solving of this problem, Christ suffered. In the form of His suffering, and in His triumph out of it, He has left us an example.

The third and last of these is the problem of the affections. It is not so easy here as in the two foregoing to put this in a few words; but the perplexity is one as definite. How shall I deal with my fellows? How shall I love my neighbor as myself? How shall I be patient indefinitely? How shall I keep myself ever from being disgusted? Well, what did He do? The incarnation of Jesus Christ was simply the expression in time and place of God's infinite yearning toward his creatures, the children of men. As St. Paul says, quoting to say it, in his address on Mars' Hill:

“As certain of your own poets also have said, for we are also his offspring.” Treat all men as brothers, because they are all sons of one father.

But this first is hard to do because the second is hard to realize. Fellow humans are so various. There are so many of them. And some of them are so queer. Worse still, some of them are so bad. They will disappoint you so. They will deceive you so. They will lie to you—and they will lie about you. They will illy compensate you and they will never appreciate you. What then shall you do? Why, you shall imitate your Master. You shall follow In His Steps.

What was His experience? And what did He do? He was misunderstood. He was cast out by a city over which He wept. He was betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, deserted by all; until “Incarnate goodness was left standing there in Pilate’s judgment hall—alone.” What was His policy, His principle? “Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, until seventy times seven.” It is like the expression in alegbra—until zero times

infinity. There are no limits to forgiveness. Just go on and on indefinitely. In the matter of His affections, the Christian knows no disgusts.

Thus I have tried to do three things: to pass by an impractical Meditation on Christ and a too practical, because too grotesquely detailed, attempt to follow In His Steps, and have come to a Study of the Soul of a Christian. I have asked in what real suffering of soul consists. I have found such suffering to be threefold. I have sought His way of overcoming this, in the problems of the intelligence, the emotions and the affections. The effect of the first is a kind of assurance that cannot be shaken. The effect of the second is such consistency as cannot be questioned. The effect of the third is such limitless patience, such toleration of our fellows' faults and foibles, as cannot be broken down or broken through. His majesty and peace, His purity and power, His calm and repose, grow insensibly into the very souls of His servants. He has imparted to us the virtue of His wrestlings and the strength of His victory. It is in this way "Christ suffered, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps."

CHAPTER XII

THE UNMAKING OF A MAN

University of Pennsylvania

A Baccalaureate Sermon Preached to University of Pennsylvania Students



FROM a page of the magazine, *Old Penn*, in which this sermon was printed at the time, I quote: "The sermon to the graduating classes of all departments was delivered at the Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany, on Sunday morning, June 10, at 11 A.M. The preacher's general theme was The Unmaking of a Man, as exemplified in the life of Saul. His text was a composite one, framed of two passages far separated in one narrative. "Saul, a choice young man and a goodly: there was not among all the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." . . . "Then fell he down straightway with the fullness of his stature all along the earth. And so he died."

THE UNMAKING OF A MAN

“There was not among all the children of Israel a goodlier person than he.”—1 Samuel ix., 2.

I would like to speak to you to-day upon this as a general theme—The Unmaking of a Man. I think this is worth doing and for this reason. Many a sermon has been preached, and many a homily spoken, on that course by which men go from good to better; that is, in general terms, upon “The Making of a Man.” It is conceded that there is such a course, that along that course there are certain clearly marked stages, and that a man’s character in each stage is conditioned by, and based upon, his conduct in the one preceding it. I have often wondered why the complementary course, with its correspondingly clearly marked stages, was not more frequently examined; namely, that course along which, step by step, men go from good to bad, from bad to worse.

For there is such a course. Whatever else sin may be, theologically, it is, practically, a sort of

disease. Now, if it should appear that this disease, like certain physical maladies, runs in cycles; if the disease appears at different times under different forms; if there are along its course certain points which would make suitable, even possible, turning points—then, just in proportion as most of us are more likely to find ourselves drifting along a downward course than drifting along an upward one; and, too, just in proportion as to be forewarned is to be forearmed, it is worth while, I say, to reflect sometimes upon this other process also: The Unmaking of a Man.

In my search for a career which will serve as illustrative, I have settled upon the career of a man the first glimpse and the last glimpse of whose life we have in the two statements I have selected for a text. The story is no ordinary one; it is the story of a king. And the king was no ordinary one; he was a great man. His history is one of the greatest things in all literature. The story of his rise to power has so many of the elements of the corresponding rise of Agamemnon, for example, that the one story seems to be taken in part from the other. The story of his death is so much like that of some of Shakespeare's heroes, Richard

III, Macbeth, Brutus, for example, that these in part seem to have been copied from that.

In fact, the whole story has such an admixture of characters and so many of the familiar tricks of composition as to make of it a tragedy fit to be played upon the stage. Perhaps, indeed, the best way to note the contrast between this man's beginning and his end is to think of his life's story as a play enacted thus. Thinking of it so, will you look for a moment then on the first, and for a moment on the last act of that tragedy and note the contrast?

Imagine yourselves, if you can, at such a first act. The scene is laid at Gilgal and is enacted in the open air. The actors are the people of a nation met there in convention. The purpose of the meeting is a definite one; it is to close formally the period of the Judges' rule and formally to inaugurate a Monarchy. And events have determined who shall be the man for a monarch. For there have been stirring times in Israel. The Philistines have overrun the country of the Southern tribes; they have captured the Ark; they have destroyed Shiloh, and have become so thoroughly masters of Judea that they have even

attempted to establish a military outpost at Gibeon, the ancestral seat of the warlike tribe of Benjamin. But here they made a mistake; for a young man, rising from among the people, like Alfred in England or Wallace in Scotland, gathered his clan together and drove the invaders from the country.

To have discovered that martial genius, to have recognized his fitness for the task of national leadership, and to have nerved him for attempting it, was the final, closing service to the state of the old man moving in the foreground yonder, Samuel, the last of the Judges. He has his protégé with him. But when the time actually comes for him to be presented in convention, the young man's charming, native modesty asserts itself and he flees and hides among the wagons of the camp.

When at last he is found and brought forth, he is seen to have that gift by which alone in primitive times a man most seemed worthy to rule—he is “goodly.” That is, he is a large man; from his shoulders and upwards, he towers above all the people. This very fact of his stature so strikes the people's imagination and so fires their enthusiasm that, for the first time in the nation's history,

is raised the shout—so oft repeated down the ages since—“God save the King!”

Such was the scene at the coronation of this first of a new succession of monarchs, this choice young man of the people, this first and foremost of the kings of Israel, this stalwart member of the tribe of Benjamin—Saul, the son of Kish.

Now, let the curtain fall, if you will, upon this first act and let twenty years be understood to elapse; then let it rise again, this time upon the last act. Once more the scene is in the open air; but it is a scene larger than the first one, for it occupies two mountain slopes. On the southern slope of Moreh, by the little town of Shunem, a camp is pitched—the camp of the Philistines. On the opposite side of the valley, on the rise of Mount Gilboa, keeping as is usual the heights which are their security, is the army of the Israelites. It is night at first but slowly as upon a stage the day begins to break and with it breaks the battle.

All day long it rages; but it is seen only in broken snatches like the glimpses of a battle acted on a stage. In one of these glimpses, out from the darkness and confusion of the conflict, a single, lone figure emerges, in form and stature like the

figure of a king. But how changed! The battle must have gone against him; he is fleeing. His helmet is gone from his head; the polish of the sacred oil is grimed upon his breastplate; he has cast away his shield in flight and the only pieces of his former panoply he carries are the sword at his side and the spear in his hand.

Yonder he stops and, as he leans upon his spear, you can see that he is breathless, weak, exhausted, terrified and desperate. He is sore wounded; for the archers have hit him. And even now the dizziness and desperation of defeat and death are on him. Already his three sons have fallen before him; his armour bearer lies dead beside him; and a single fierce Amalekite, the nearest of his pursuers, is almost upon him. But, determined even in the end to defeat at least the assassin, he draws from his own side his own sword and falls upon it. His broken army surging in their flight, come up, see what has happened and flee, raising for the first time in its history that other cry—so oft repeated since and with such dread import—"The King—The King is dead." Thus, upon the mountains of Gilboa, the Pride of Israel fell down, self-slain.

Now, I have drawn these two pictures, not for

their own sake, but to point thereby the contrast between the two extremes in that process which I have named *The Unmaking of a Man*. I would like to trace now, if I can, what seem to me to be its several separate stages. In the life of Saul, as in the life of every man, in which sin runs an unchecked course, I can discover four of these; four stadia, if you will. At the end each one of these comes to a climax; at each of these climatic points, too, there is an opportunity to turn and go back; the choice or issue in each case also is forced by a different kind of person and, lastly, the appeal each time is grounded in a different motive.

The first of these stages is that in which a man does wrong but thinks he will not be found out. He does wrong, I say, deliberately; but he does it only because he believes he will never be discovered or detected. In the case of Saul this period came to its climax in an incident at Ramah. With an army of 200,000 men, he had occupied the City of Amalek; but instead of slaying the King, Agag, honorably in battle, he had kept him alive—perhaps for private torture, perhaps to grace a public spectacle. And, instead of dividing the

booty, he had kept it all for himself, sparing the best of the sheep and the oxen and the fatlings and the lambs. And he did this all thinking not to be found out. The only man of whose detection he was afraid was Samuel; and surely he is far away.

But the very next day Samuel unexpectedly comes to visit him. And Saul comes out to meet him, deceitful yet feeling secure in the confidence of his own shrewdness. But Samuel takes him to task and says: "Why did you take that king alive? And why do you keep him thus?" And Saul lies. He says: "I didn't." But the older man says: "I see him, there, yonder, behind the skirt-folds of your tent. I would like to be deceived, but have I not eyes? And, furthermore, why did you not divide equally all that spoil?" And again, Saul lies. He says: "I did." "But you didn't. Can't I hear? What means this bleating of the sheep and lowing of the oxen in my ears, right there, yonder, behind the camp?" And, Saul, still, trying to excuse himself, says: "Yes. Ah! well, the people, the people did it." And, when caught in that also, he quibbles still another time and says: "Well, I confess, I did it. But I took them for sacrifice." And the older man,

having tried him again and again, turns with growing disappointment and disgust and leaves him. And as Samuel does this Saul lays hold of his robe. It parts—and he is left standing, holding it. This is the first tableau-picture of desertion, the first scene of separation between a wicked man and his friends.

Now this, I say, in an ordinary life, is the first stage of a course of sin. It is a period during which one does wrong, but does it only because he believes he will never be found out. It is the first in point of age as it is in order of sequence. It is the period, which, in the little boy's life, culminates when he is caught in his first lie. In the grown man, it culminates when something comes out that reveals a course he thought he could keep hidden. At best the attempt is foolish. One always will be found out. The very law of procedure is such that in time one becomes careless and neglects some of the precautions that insured secrecy before.

And will you not notice, please, that at this stage the thing that can correct him is reproof. This must come from an older man. When thus caught one may turn face about and go back. That is his chance. If he does not go back from

here he will pass on from this point into the second period.

This second stage is that in which for a while a man next goes on doing what is wrong, but not caring now who knows it. He still knows well enough and sees clearly enough the distinction between right and wrong; but he chooses the wrong deliberately. He hopes to get satisfaction by going into it extravagantly enough. In Saul's case, the day after Samuel left him at Ramah he broke camp and started South. He decided now to establish a capital and to open a court, which he proceeded to do at Michmash. Here he gathered 20,000 men about him as a body-guard and began to live openly and flagrantly a life of profligacy.

After this has gone on for a while the change which it produces in him is reflected in his several, set, deliberate attempts to murder that member of his staff of whose popularity he has grown jealous. Once he flings a javelin at David; again by trickery he tries to murder him in bed, and lastly he invites him to a place at his own banquet-board at the two days' Feast of the New Moon. It is here, in this banquet hall, that the climax of the second period comes. The king, with Abner and his generals

are in their places; so is Jonathan; but David's place is empty. With growing anger and chagrin the king notices on the second day that it is still empty and he asks for David. Then it is that Jonathan steps in. He rises in his place and tries to reason with the king. Whereupon, all his pent-up rage coming out, Saul flings a poisoned spear at Jonathan, his own son, who flees away to plight allegiance to David. This is the second tableau-picture of desertion. Here, again was a chance. Here Saul could have turned; but he did not. When Jonathan had left him, he stupidly sat on; he drowned his feelings in more copious draughts and turned the sacred festival into a Bacchanalian rout.

This, I say, is the second stage; the stage in which one still knows the difference between right and wrong, but chooses the wrong deliberately and hopes to find satisfaction by going into it extravagantly. The first has led into the second. As the motive in the first was mercenary profit, so here the motive is a kind of pleasure. All this can be endured by other people up to a certain point; but only to a given point. Then someone takes him to task. This time it is a young man

as before it was an older one. This time the nature of the appeal is to the reason as before it was reproof. Here he has his second chance to turn. If he does not turn now, this second type of person leaves him.

This brings us to the third stage or epoch or period or phase of sin. In this stage it is that the ability to distinguish between right and wrong breaks down. In it one loses, note, the very ability to distinguish between right and wrong; he is no longer able to distinguish what is good from what is bad. In the case of Saul this period is the period of his senseless pursuit of David and its climax comes in that incident in the Cave of Engedi. There David finds Saul asleep. If Saul had found David so, he would have killed him. But with David a sense of decency and obligation in conduct is still clear. He will shame Saul into a sense of honor. What he actually does is to cut off a piece of his mantle, to show how close he has been, and to take the spear at his head, to show with what a weapon he might easily have killed him, and go off to a point on the opposite mountain slope. There he calls across, wakes him, shows what he has done—and, suggesting that he send

his servant to get the spear, leaves it standing in the ground and disappears along the crest of the Valley of Engedi; the third tableau-picture of desertion.

This, I say, is the third stage. In it the senses become so blinded that standards of conduct become confused. In this period the mind moves unequally and disproportionately; deep, unfathomable questions about oneself stir the soul; new and mysterious chambers of self-consciousness are opened; things distort themselves, they assume false relations, and a man's life comes to be like the course of a ship with a defective compass. At this point one juggles with reasons and applies false sophistry; he excuses everything in himself and conceives false hatreds toward other people; instead of realizing that he deserves punishment, he makes himself believe that he is a martyr; from being pursued he changes into a pursuer. Last of all, he comes to the point where, because he cannot see it, he decides that there is no distinction between right and wrong, which "one error fills him with faults and makes him run through all the sins." The only person here who can be of any use is a rival. The thing he can do

is to shame him. Here again is a turning point. If here one does not turn, he drops into the fourth and last stage.

This stage is more difficult to define accurately than any of the other three and that because it is the resultant of them all and in part a reaction from them all. It is the period in which the man who sins becomes intensely lonely. In the case of Saul, the culmination of this last period came on that last night before the Battle of Gilboa. On the ridge below the mountain where the army was encamped, was Endor; meaning literally the Spring of Dor. By that spring there was a cave and in that cave there dwelt in solitude a lone, mysterious woman. To her, as to one who held converse with the other world, there came at dead of night three strangers.

One was Abner; one, so says tradition, was a man called Amassa, and the third was a man of stalwart frame, his face all muffled in his mantle for disguise; it was the king. In answer to his question, the oracle warns him that he and his whole family will die to-morrow—unless he does something. That is to say he could still go back; he could make overtures to David, join him at

Ziklag and so make the combined armies strong enough to defeat their common enemy next day. If not, his sons will be slain. But to fulfill the conditions he refuses. And here comes the last, final, parting, tableau-picture of desertion; the very ghost itself sinking back into the pit of the earth from whence it came. "Then Saul fell down straightway with his face upon the earth. And he lay there all that night; for he was sore afraid."

Such is the last stage; that in which a soul, becoming lonely, seeks somewhere to go, someone to commune with. It has been estranged in the first stage from God, in the second from men, while in the third it has been allowed just to go its own course to its own confusion. Last of all it comes into a stage of abject, awful loneliness. For even a bad man can be lonely. The human soul is a collection of many forces, very different in kind, susceptible of coördination and therefore of subordination and so of harmony and peace. Even in the most hardened and perverted nature, there is pain going on inside. This pain is that of loneliness. The very nature cries out for companionship. Naturally this is with God or with man, or with both. But one who is too proud to

go back to either must yet go somewhere; he seeks companionship in questionable places. As Hawthorne says in his story of Lady Eleanor's Mantle, "He who breaks all bonds of human sympathy must keep company with fallen angels."

Such then are the four stages through which the course of sin will naturally run. It is like a canal with four locks. There are four points at which one period ends, either to give opportunity to rise and go back, or to sink that much lower to the next. All life is made up of a series of long silent growths and of a corresponding series of quick decisive actions following these. The soberness of life is kept by the fact that everything unseen proceeds so gradually; the intensity of life is kept by the fact that everything we see occurs so suddenly. When the point is reached, each of these four locks is found to be kept by a different kind of person and at each point the ground of appeal is a different one.

Saul, in his tent at Ramah, visited by Samuel, the old man, who reproves him—this closes the period in which he did wrong thinking not to be caught. Saul, at the banquet in his palace at Michmash addressed by Jonathan, the young

man, who reasons with him—this closes the period in which, still knowing the difference between right and wrong, he does wrong anyway not caring who knows it. Saul, asleep in the cavern of Engedi, waked by the calling of David, his rival, who has spared his life, and now shames him by appealing to a standard of honor fixed and certain—this closes the period in which he merely blundered and floundered from one mistake into another. Saul, visiting by night the Witch of Endor, refusing to respond to the plea of affection, falling on his face and lying on the ground all night in sore despair, deserted by the very phantom figure of the dead—this closes the last stage.

Now, I have made this study in order to make sin appear familiar. It is so easy to see sin in the abstract, but so hard to recognize it in the concrete. Sin has grown to be a word of sermons, a word of prayers, but not often, I fear, a word of men's hearts. Of sin as a doctrine we often think; of sin as a persistent presence, as an element in life, we very seldom think. And yet, come to think of it, sin is in reality the most real thing we ever have to deal with. And its stages, too, are sharply marked. In the running of its natural course, the rules by

which it operates in a soul, when it has gained a hold there, are as simple—or as complex, if you will—as those by which a disease runs its course in a body. If I take sin into my life, infection is as certain as if I take virus into my blood.

There are things in every life like those in the life of this man, varying according to degree and station and condition. We are not all King Sauls; but we are all human. Do you want to know why it is that men grow prematurely old? Do you want to know the meaning of that mystic handwriting on their faces? It needs no Champollion to explain this. It is because that, in the family, in the social circle, in business, in public affairs, everywhere, they have with them sin. In not every life, perhaps, are the stages so sharply marked as they are in this special one; but if left alone, they come in the same succession. The appeals to turn also come from these same four sources and are based upon these same considerations.

To put it bluntly, these are your sins. Do you think you can go on doing wrong and never be detected? "Be sure your sin will find you out." Do you think you can find any pleasure in going

further into wrong openly, not caring who knows? Believe me, such pleasures are Apples of Sodom, they crumble at the touch. Do you even allow yourself to sink into that bog where one can only flounder and no longer see the right and wrong? Beware, beware! Madness lies that way. Do you, in some darksome moment, think to stop it all as this man did? Alas! Poor Saul, falling on his own sword! Did he escape? He escaped from the Amalekite. But who can say upon what strange and yet familiar shore of some other world the poor, deluded, disappointed spirit would find, to his dismay, that he had not escaped from anything worth while; might find himself appalled to meet there his old personality which even death could not kill; find himself compelled to take up anew, in another existence, that struggle from which no man can escape so long as he is the same man.

There remains just one more point, but that a vital one. It brings the whole discussion to conclusion. Is there forgiveness of sin? Can this course at any point be stopped? By the Grace of God, yes! True, life is too short for a man to go back over the whole course step by step. He

cannot change it very greatly; but he can change himself. That is to say, the Almighty can.

“God can

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the
mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now—and bid
him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to
find himself set
Clear and safe in a new light, a new life
. . . . By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning
intensified bliss,
And the next world’s reward and repose, by the
struggles in this.”

But will he do it; Answer, yes. And that because
it is worth doing.

“He is still the same Saul, ye remember in glory,—
ere error had bent
The broad brow from its daily communion; and
still, though much spent
Be the life and the bearing that front you, the
same. God doth choose,
To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never
quite lose?”

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